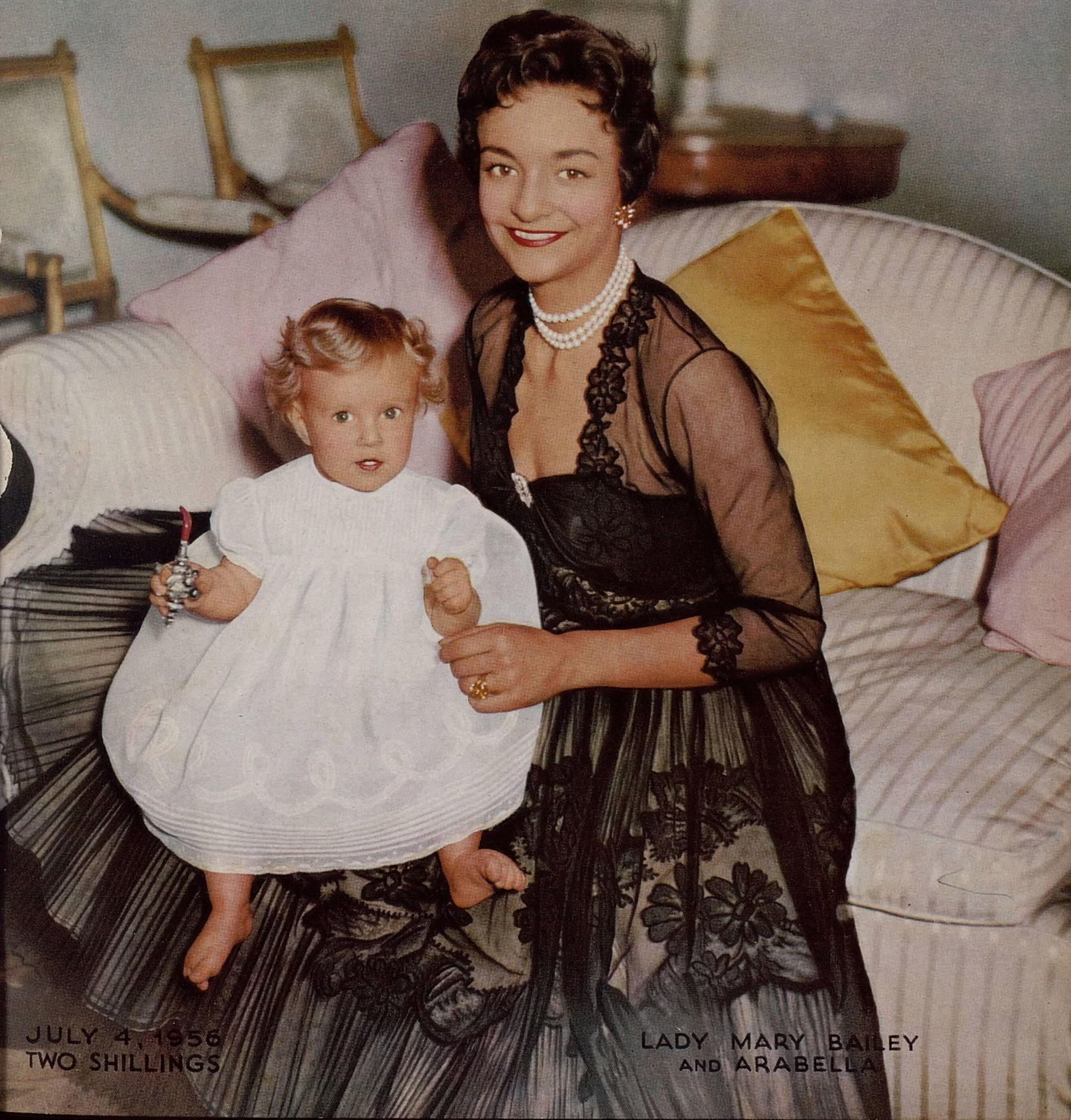


The



TATLER

& BYSTANDER



JULY 4, 1956
TWO SHILLINGS

LADY MARY BAILEY
AND ARABELLA

I like du Maurier



I like the cool, clean smoke I get from the du Maurier filter tip with no loose bits in my mouth. I like the good tobacco that goes with it, and the smart red box which keeps the cigarettes perfectly fresh from first to last. In fact I like everything about **du MAURIER**

A film star? Never. A soldier? Once.
An explorer? In a manner of speaking . . .
An artist? Certainly! . . .
and a most designing individual.
What's more, a man with a reputation
for understanding the good things of life.
Let's have a word with him.

Sir! Will you join us in a small glass of something?

*Why, thank you. I will. Not too small, if you
don't mind . . . and not too strong.*

A dry Martini?

*This morning I feel more inclined to a straight
vermouth—shall we say a Martini Dry.
And I'll take it, if I may, in a large glass.
You can't appreciate a first-rate vermouth in thimblefuls.*

That's an interesting answer.
We'll have the same. Nothing with it?

*Coldness—a good barman provides that free!
And an olive by all means.
The colour of an olive tones well with the Martini.
The flavour of an olive doesn't quarrel
with the subtleties in the glass.
Settings are important. I wouldn't, for instance,
drink even a Martini from a chipped china mug.*

But, china mugs apart . . . ?

*There's no better drink in the wide world
than Martini, dry or sweet.
You can quote Hardy Amies on that.*



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Sweet or Dry

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smooth riding...
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easy steering



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Eric Coop

LADY MARY BAILEY, who appears on the cover of *The TATLER* this week with her daughter Arabella Sarah, born last year, is the wife of Mr. Adrian Bailey, whom she married in 1954. Lady Mary is the only daughter of the 12th Earl of Haddington, K.T., who was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Berwickshire in 1952. As Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton, she was one of the Queen's Maids of Honour at Her Majesty's Coronation in 1953. The Baileys have a house in Tite Street, Chelsea

DIARY OF THE WEEK

From July 4 to July 11

July 4 (Wed.) The Queen opens the National Library of Scotland, Edinburgh.

Henley Royal Regatta (four days).

American Society in London: Independence Day Dinner at the Dorchester.

Dance: Lady Hambro and the Hon. Mrs. T. G. Talbot for Miss Sally Hambro and Miss Joanna Talbot, 6 Belgrave Square.

Racing: Newmarket First July Meeting (four days).

July 5 (Thur.) The Queen holds a presentation party in the Palace of Holyroodhouse. Later Her Majesty and Prince Philip attend a ball given by the Royal Scots Greys in the Assembly Rooms, having presented a new guidon to the Regiment earlier.

Film premiere: *Reach For The Sky*, Odeon, Leicester Square.

Dances: The Countess of Antrim, Lady Rose Baring and Mrs. Evelyn Waugh for Lady Christina McDonnell, Miss Susan Baring and Miss Teresa Waugh, in London.

Tudor Rose Ball at the Savoy Hotel.

July 6 (Fri.) Princess Alexandra presents awards at Royal Windsor Rose and Horticultural Society Show, Home Park, Windsor (two days).

Dances: Elizabeth Lady Musker and Mrs. Harold Huth (small dance) for Miss Penelope Musker and Miss Angela Huth, Shoppenhangers Manor, Maidenhead. Mrs. William Lindsay (small dance) for Miss Jennifer Lindsay, Wickham Farm, Haywards Heath. Mrs. S. C. F. Allen and Mrs. W. G. Scott-Brown for Miss Anne Leonard and Miss Mary Scott-Brown, Lathbury Park, Buckinghamshire.

Presentation Ball, Freemasons Hall, Edinburgh. Hampshire Branch, British Red Cross Society Ball at Bramhill Park, Hartley Wintney. Rose of England Ball, Dorchester Hotel.

July 7 (Sat.) Cricket: Oxford University v. Cambridge University, Lord's (three days).

Lawn Tennis Association Ball, Grosvenor House.

Dances: Mrs. Gerald Constable Maxwell for her daughter, Miss Carolyn Constable Maxwell, Alresford House, Hants. Mrs. J. H. Dent-Brocklehurst for Miss Catharine Dent-Brocklehurst, Sudeley Castle, Glos. Mrs. Nicol Gray (small dance) for Miss Jenifer Backhouse, Oxburgh Hall, King's Lynn. Mrs. Dudley S. Edgar for Miss Eudys Phillipa Edgar, Hyde Park Hotel.

July 9 (Mon.) National Rifle Association Imperia Meeting, Bisley (till July 21).

Opening of the Festival Ballet, Festival Hall.

United Nations Association: Lady Eden receives guests at a garden party at 10 Downing Street.

Dance: Mrs. Gerard d'Erlanger for Miss Penelope d'Erlanger, in London.

July 10 (Tues.) The Queen holds an investiture at Buckingham Palace.

Princess Marie-Louise at "Horse to Helicopter" Exhibition and Fair, Marlborough House grounds.

Dances: Mrs. Ian Malcolmson (small dance) for Miss Merryn Malcolmson, Claridge's. Mrs. Dennis Poore (small dance) for Miss Angela Farley, in London.

Cambridge Hawks Club Ball, Grosvenor House.

July 11 (Wed.) The Lord Mayor gives Judges Dinner, Mansion House.

Dances: The Duchess of Norfolk for her daughter, Lady Anne FitzAlan Howard, St. James's Palace (by permission of the Queen). Mrs. Bissell Thomas (small dance) for Miss Camilla Bissell Thomas, Hurlingham Club. Mrs. Barbara Kelly for Miss Susan Hunter, Guards Boat Club, Maidenhead.

Canadian Ball, Overseas House.

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Chris Ware

Lady Carey Coke at Holkham Hall

THE Earl of Leicester's younger daughter is seen sunning her pet Cairn terrier Roly in the grounds of her home, Holkham Hall, Norfolk. Since the wedding of her sister Lady Anne Coke to the Hon. Colin Tennant in the spring, Lady Carey, who spent two

years at an art school in Paris, has been helping her mother to run one of the most successful small potteries in England, using what was once the huge laundry of the Hall. She came out in 1952, when she was acclaimed the debutante of the year



Major Timothy Tufnell and Mme.
de Mendoza



Mrs. Neville Tufnell and Mrs. John
Counsell

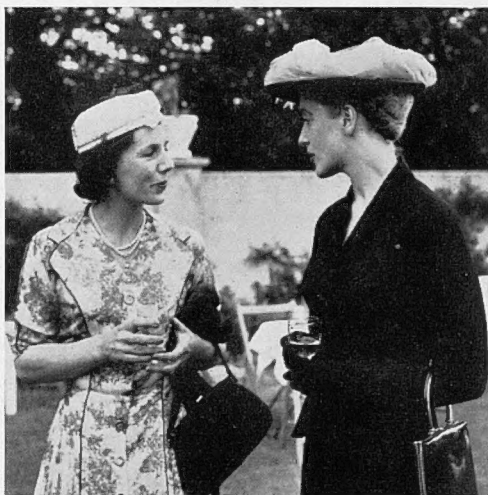
COCKTAIL PARTY IN ASCOT WEEK

MRS. NEVILLE TUFNELL and her son, Major Timothy Tufnell, gave a party at their home, the Pavilion, Sunninghill, Berkshire, on the first day of the Royal Ascot Meeting. The Pavilion is near the racecourse, and most of the guests who came to the party had enjoyed an exciting day's racing

The Hon. Mrs. Frederick Hennessy
and Miss Susan Hennessy



Mrs. Martin McLaren and Mrs. J. R. M.
Rolke were chatting



Mr. Graham Turner Laing and Miss
Daphne Turner



Mrs. Clive Graham and the Hon. Mrs.
Marion Hubbard



A Royal win was witnessed by racegoers on the second day of the meeting when the Queen's horse Alexander won the Royal Hunt Cup, the big race of the day. In the photograph the popular winner (No. 3), ridden by W. H. Carr, is seen in a close finish with Jaspe (No. 6) and Blue Robe



Lady Willingdon, Mrs. Cremieu Javal
and Lord Willingdon



Mrs. Russell, Mr. E. W. Bobst, Mrs. D. Berkeley Owen, Major P. Russell



Mrs. Goudie, Mr. E. Goudie and Mrs. J. Dupree sitting in the garden



Miss Ambrosine Phillpotts talking to Mrs. Peter Donald and Mr. Bobst



THE QUEEN AND PRINCE PHILIP, smiling happily as they start their drive up the course on Hunt Cup day, set the mood for a Royal Ascot which after an over-clouded start became one of the most successful and heavily attended meetings of recent years. The far-reaching improvements to the course, its surroundings and amenities, which have been made since 1954 were the subject of widespread appreciation by racegoers

Social Journal

Jennifer

THE GRENADIERS' GREAT DAY

A MEMORABLE picture which few who were present will ever forget was the review by the Queen of the First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards formed in 1656. This took place on the spacious lawns below the eastern battlements of Windsor Castle. Chairs had been arranged around three sides of a vast square for spectators. Firstly, to the strains of their band, came the First Battalion under the command of Brevet Lt.-Col. R. H. Whitworth, led by the Queen's Company. They had come from Germany where they are stationed and were in battle dress. Behind them came the Second Battalion with the C.O., Lt.-Col. the Hon. Miles Fitzalan-Howard, and the Third Battalion under Lt.-Col. A. M. H. Gregory Hood, all resplendent in their scarlet tunics and bearskins.

THEY were followed by about a thousand members of the Grenadier Guards Comrades Association, all in civilian clothes. Among them were Col. Eddie Goulburn, President of the Association and head of the Parade, and that great personality, Lt.-Col. Fred Turner, their general secretary. Other

familiar figures marching with the Old Comrades were Lt.-Gen. Sir Bertram Sergison-Brooke with No. 1 Company, Brig. Britten No. 2 Company, Brig. R. B. R. Colvin, No. 3 Company, Lt.-Gen. Sir Andrew Thorne No. 4 Company, Maj.-Gen. Sir Allan Adair (who commanded the Grenadiers at the relief of Brussels) at the head of No. 5 Company, and Maj.-Gen. Sir Julian Gascoigne at the head of No. 6 Company.

WHEN the Queen, wearing a Wedgwood blue coat and little blue and white hat with white accessories, came down the steps of the Castle to the saluting base, she was given a royal salute. Then, with General Lord Jeffreys, Colonel of the Regiment, and Col. Sir Thomas Butler, Lt.-Col. Commanding, she inspected the Regiment and the Comrades Association. This was followed by a march past, the Queen's Company leading; at the end, after they had advanced in Review order, the order "Remove Headdress" was given, bearskins came off with amazing precision and alacrity and the Regiment and Association gave a rousing three cheers for Her Majesty.

A few chairs were arranged on the steps of the Castle, and here Prince Philip watched this

Tercentenary review with Prince Charles, who took keen interest, Princess Anne, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. Behind them on the terrace of the Castle I saw the C.I.G.S., General Sir Gerald Templer, and Lady Templer, and Earl Alexander of Tunis with Countess Alexander and Lord Freyberg, Deputy Constable and Lieutenant Governor of Windsor Castle, and Lady Freyberg. Among others watching the review were the Marquess of Salisbury, Lord and Lady Fairfax, Col. and Mrs. Jim Windsor-Lewis, General Sir Colin and Lady Barber and her sister Mrs. Sherston, whose son is in the Regiment.

LORD and Lady Monson who also have a son, the Hon. Jeremy Monson, in the First Regiment of Foot Guards, were present, also the Hon. Mrs. Miles Fitzalan-Howard, the Hon. Mrs. Micklethwaite and her daughter, Imogen, Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Alistair Villiers who brought the French Military Attaché, Col. Claude de Guerre, Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. Dennis Stuckley and their daughter, Christine, Sir Weldon and Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, and the Duke of Argyll, whom I saw later enjoying the buffet luncheon which was provided from a big marquee in one of the meadows.

In the course of a most enjoyable evening at the Glyndebourne Opera Festival, which opened on June 14 and continues until August 14, I saw the most exciting new production of Mozart's *Die Entführung Aus Dem Serail* with exquisite sets of the scenes laid on the coast of Turkey by Mr. Oliver Messel, who has really surpassed himself with a riot of imaginative colour, carried out to perfection. Mr. Peter Ebert, son of Mr. Carl Ebert the Artistic Director of Glyndebourne, is to be congratulated on his production, which was conducted by Mr. Paul Sacher. The American singer Mattiwilda Dobbs, having her second season at Glyndebourne, made a charming Constanze and sang beautifully. Belmonte is sung by Swiss Ernst Haefliger, Osmin by Dutch Arnold Van Mill, Pedrillo by Australian Kevin Miller, and the Bassa Selim by German Leo Bieber, while another German, Lisa Otto, sings the rôle of Blonde, English maid to Constanze, and two English singers James Atkins and Harold Williams, fill the other two rôles, so it is a cosmopolitan cast!

THE gardens around the théâtre and house, home of Mr. John Christie, founder and a director of the Glyndebourne Opera, were looking as lovely as ever, and as it was a fine evening everyone was strolling about enjoying them during the interval. A great improvement was the new catering arrangement. This year for the first time we enjoyed a really good dinner, very well and quickly served in the interval, which gave everyone plenty of time to see the gardens. Many who have suffered frustration by delay and bad service in previous years will welcome the change.

Mr. John Christie had a party of friends at his usual corner table, and others dining in the interval included the German Ambassador, Herr von Herwarth who had a party of fifteen, Mrs. D. M. Cooke who brought her niece, Lady Ashbolt, Miss Rona Byron, the Earl and Countess of Rosse, Mrs. Andrew Holt, Mr. Moran Caplat the general manager of Glyndebourne, and Sir Robert Mayer whom I recently referred to in error as Sir Anthony Meyer when speaking about the wonderful work Sir Robert has done for children's concerts. My very sincere apologies to both Sir Robert and Sir Anthony neither of whom have complained, may I add, about my slip.

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MAJOR AND MRS. EDWARD CHRISTIE-MILLER recently gave a delightful cocktail party at their charming house in honour of Prince and Princess Albert de Ligne who were over here on a visit. The Prince and Princess's daughter,



GOLD CUP DAY, the peak of Ascot week, was fine and sunny, and a large crowd saw a French victory. Mrs. Douglas Pilkington and Mrs. Polly Peabody North are seen above lunching with the Duke of Marlborough and Marchesa Selina

Mrs. Peter Whitwell, and her husband were also at the party where I met the Brazilian Ambassador, the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. de Mendoza, lovely Mme. Schreiber, wife of the Peruvian Ambassador, and Mme. Clasen, wife of the Luxembourg Ambassador. Col. and Mrs. Alistair Villiers were accompanied by her charming sister Mme. Diaz Hidalgo, who was over from Peru.

Sir Norman Gwatkin was there in great form, also Col. and Mrs. Towers Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Liddle, who make their home in Majorca, Margaret Lady Glanusk, Lady Stamp, Miss Elizabeth Christie-Miller and Mrs. Vandeleur, who brought her attractive twin daughters Miss Anne and Miss Clare Cobbold, who were in red.

★ ★ ★

NOW for a flashback to Royal Ascot, whose opening day I wrote about last week. The Queen and Prince Philip, the Queen Mother, Princess Margaret, the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, the Duchess of Kent, Princess Alexandra, and members of Her Majesty's house party at Windsor Castle, drove in procession up the course each day. They

watched the racing from the Royal Box and the Queen's Lawn. There appeared to be a larger number of people in the Royal Enclosure with its wider lawns (enjoyed for the first time last year) and the new long stand, than in previous years. The club tents of Whites, Bucks and the Cavalry Club were all well patronized for luncheon each day and so were the fine luncheon rooms behind the stand in the Royal Enclosure, where this year one could really get a lunch up to the high standard of everything else at Royal Ascot, well and quickly served.

The racing was interesting and exciting, with a number of close finishes. Perhaps the biggest cheer of the meeting was heard when the Queen's horse Alexander, trained by Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort, was declared winner of the Royal Hunt Cup after a photo-finish. First, second and third places in the Gold Cup were filled by French horses, Mr. Marcel Boussac's Macip, who made all the running, being the winner.

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF NORFOLK were racing each day, as were the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, their son and daughter-in-law the Marquess and Marchioness of Blandford, the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Northumberland, the Countess of Errol and her husband Capt. Iain Moncreiffe, Lord Astor, the Marquess and Marchioness of Abergavenny, her mother the Hon. Mrs. Jack Harrison, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford (the latter looking charming in grey on Gold Cup day), and the Earl and Countess of Derby, the latter very neat in tailored silk suits each day. Also present were the Earl and Countess of Rosebery, who had a winner at the meeting, Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, Admiral the Hon. Sir Cyril and Lady Douglas-Pennant, Earl and Countess Cadogan, Col. and Mrs. Alistair Villiers and Sir Harold and Lady Mitchell, back for a few weeks in England and then on to the Continent from their home in Bermuda.

Among others I also saw racing were Mr. and Mrs. Edward Rayne, Brig. and Mrs. Hugh Leveson-Gower, Lt.-Col. the Hon. Christopher and Lady Elizabeth Beckett over from Germany on leave, Sir Malcolm and Lady McAlpine and their sons Robin and Malcolm with their wives, Mrs. Jessica de Pass talking to Myra Lady Fox, Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Mackle, the latter greeting many friends for the first time after her long illness, Mr. Stephen and Lady Ursula Vernon, whom everyone was delighted to see win the Hardwicke Stakes with

[Continued overleaf]



Miss Susan Berry, the Hon. Denis Berry and Mrs. A. C. Gilmour



Miss Victoria Cannon with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cannon



Mrs. John Hislop, Countess Cadogan, Lady Sarah Cadogan, Mr. J. Cecil

A. V. Swaebe



Mrs. Fred Perry, wife of the English player, and M. Jean Borotra



A DINNER and dance was given by the I.L.T.C. at the Royal Automobile Club to overseas players engaged at Wimbledon. Above, Miss Louise Brough with Lord Iliffe, the I.L.T.C. President



Van Hallan
Miss Pat Ward, Mrs. Maureen Berryman and Mr. Gardner Mulloy

Hugh Lupus, and M. and Mme. Marcel Boussac, the latter very chic in navy blue and white. They received many congratulations after Macip won the Gold Cup.

Sir Adrian Jarvis was there, also Sir Rhys Llewellyn, the Marquess and Marchioness of Huntly whom I met on the way to Bucks Club tent with a family party including the Hon. Neville and Mrs. Berry and the Hon. Anthony and the Hon. Mrs. Berry. Lunching in this roomy and comfortable Club tent, where a good band was playing softly, were the Luxembourg Ambassador and Mme. Clasen with Mrs. and Mrs. Gerald Wellesley, Mrs. Rennie-O'Mahony with Lord and Lady Rendlesham, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Gamage, the President of the Law Society, Sir Charles Norton, and Lady Norton, Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Kirkpatrick, Sir Brian and Lady Mountain and Mr. and Mrs. David McCall who had a party of friends with them, including a charming young South African Mr. Paddy Davies-Webb who was enjoying his first Royal Ascot.

WHITES Club tent was another popular rendezvous for lunch, tea, or a drink between races, and if you wished to, you could watch the races on one of the two television sets! Among those enjoying some of these amenities were Lord and Lady Willoughby de Broke, Lord Ashcombe, Mr. Charles Mills and his very good-looking wife, Cdr. Colin Buist, Cdr. and Mrs. Alan Noble, Sir Nigel and Lady Mordaunt, Capt. and Mrs. Charles Tremayne and Mr. Cecil and the Hon. Mrs. Lomax with Major Herbert Holt who won the Ribblesdale Stakes on the second day with Milady. He was later joined in the tent by his wife and his daughters, Lady Fisher and Mrs. Michael Clark.

Viscount Camrose was at a table with his brother the Hon. Julian Berry and Mrs. Berry, who looked most attractive each day. Mr. William and the Hon. Mrs. Ekin, Viscountess Hambleden and Mr. Billy Wallace with Capt. Michael and the Hon. Mrs. Brand, Ann Lady Orr-Lewis, Mrs. Jean Garland, and Sir Eric Mievill were others racing.

Margherita Lady Howard de Walden had a big family party and friends in her private luncheon room in the Royal Enclosure stand. On the floor above, the Chief Constable of Berkshire, Mr. J. L. Waldron, who has a big responsibility at this meeting, and Mrs. Waldron, had friends with them between races and to watch the Royal procession—for

from here you get a wonderful view. With them before the first race on Gold Cup day were Sir Frank Newsam, Col. T. E. St. Johnston, the very capable and enterprising Chief Constable of Lancashire, his charming wife, and Mrs. Benyon, wife of the Lord Lieutenant of Berkshire.

OTHERS I saw during the four days included the Earl of Dudley escorting Mrs. John Ward to the paddock, Maud Countess Fitzwilliam, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Williams, the latter wearing a most attractive printed silk dress one day, the Hon. Desmond and Mrs. Chichester, Mr. Stavros Niarchos who had several runners, Mr. and Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy, Mr. and Mrs. Antony Norman, the Hon. David and Mrs. Montagu, Sir Horace and Lady Evans and their pretty daughter Jean, the Earl and Countess of Durham and the Hon. John Lambton, and Capt. and Mrs. Cecil Boyd-Rochford—he trained two winners at the meeting including the Queen's Alexander.

Also racing were Major and Mrs. Eric Dugdale and their débutante daughter Caroline, Mr. and Mrs. Smith Grant and her younger daughter Mrs. Ian Straker, the Hon. John and Mrs. Skeffington, Mr. Norman Hartnell who gave a very good cocktail party after racing on Wednesday at his Windsor Forest home, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Cleaver, Mr. and Mrs. Lobby Villar, Mr. and Mrs. Derek Wigan, and Lt.-Col. and Mrs. Douglas Forster who won a race on the final day.

Young girls enjoying Royal Ascot included Miss Frances Sweeney, Miss June Allday, very neat and well turned out each day, Miss Penelope Cohen, Baroness d'Arcy de Knayth, Miss Carolyn Constable Maxwell, who was often in the paddock looking at the horses with Lady Anne Howard, Miss Penelope Kemp-Welch, Miss Gay Lowson and Miss Angela Courage.

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MRS. NEVILLE TUFNELL and her son Major Timothy Tufnell gave an after-racing cocktail party at Sunninghill. Although a marquee had been erected in case of rain, happily it was not needed and guests gathered on the lawn. Among them were the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. de Mendoza, the Marquess and Marchioness of Willingdon, Lady Marks, who has a country home quite near Ascot, Lady Mary Crichton, Lady Petre looking

exceptionally pretty in a pink hat trimmed with roses, Lady Claud Hamilton, Mrs. Misa, Lady Cecily Vesey, Mr. Toby Waddington and his brother Mr. Nesbit Waddington who makes his home in Ireland, and Cdr. and Mrs. Kenneth Kemble, who also have a country home quite near Ascot.

Mrs. Hubert Raphael was there with her son and débutante daughter, also the Hon. Frederick and Mrs. Hennessy and their débutante daughter Susie, Major and Mrs. Peter de Zulueta, Air Vice-Marshal and Mrs. Barnett (he is commandant of the R.A.F. Staff College at Bracknell), Mrs. Tufnell's niece Lady Jane Heaton, and Major John and Lady Cecilia Wiggin who have a charming home in Windsor Forest. The stage, film and musical worlds were represented by Sir Laurence Olivier, Mr. and Mrs. John Mills, who came with Mr. Terence Rattigan, Mrs. Emlyn Williams, Mr. Ivor Newton, Miss Ambrosine Phillpotts and Miss Mary Kerridge.

Pictures of this party will be found on pages 8 and 9.

★ ★ ★

THE following night many friends went on to the very good party which Sir Adrian Jarvis gave at Admiral's Walk. Among those who had been racing were the host's sister Lady Lyle, and Lord Lyle, Viscount and Viscountess Bearsted—the latter had cleverly shared a ticket in the winning tote double that day—the Hon. Anthony Samuel whose attractive wife wore a striking golden silk top coat and hat to match on Gold Cup day, Capt. and the Hon. Mrs. Philip Glover, Mr. John Baillie, Mr. and Mrs. John Rogerson who were dispensing hospitality to friends at Ascot in their private luncheon room, Mr. and Mrs. "Tres" Morton talking to Mr. and Mrs. Terence Morrison-Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Barty King, Mr. and Mrs. Robin Hastings, Lady Sudeley, Mr. Roy Hobson, Mr. John Pares Wilson, Mr. Charles Jerdein and Mrs. Gordon Johnson-Houghton, who run such a successful training stable at Blewbury.

Other friends who had not been racing I met were Lord and Lady Swaythling, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Jarvis, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Orr, Mrs. Christopher Mackintosh who was riding in several horse shows that week, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Milligan, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Pinckney and Canadian-born Lady Child and her charming sister Mrs. James Aird

Nesbitt, who was visiting her from Montreal.

Harwood Lodge, Newbury, the home of the Hon. Frederick and Mrs. Hennessy, made a lovely setting for the coming-out dance they gave jointly with Mr. and Mrs. Jonathan Blundell for their daughters Miss Susan Hennessy, who wore a dress of white silk net embroidered with pearls and clusters of violets and long purple violet gloves, and Miss Georgina Blundell, who looked charming in green. A yellow and white lined marquee had been built on to the house as a ballroom, and another much smaller one for supper. As guests went through to the latter they were able to admire the fine painting in the panelled dining-room by Lynwood Palmer of the famous racehorse Gainsborough who was bred in the paddocks at Harwood, and later stood there at stud when the late Lady James Douglas, the Hon. Frederick Hennessy's grandmother, lived here and owned the famous Harwood Stud.

For the ball there was also an outdoor dance floor known as Hernando's Hideaway, built out beside the drive under beautiful old beech trees, walled in on three sides by screens of branches and leaves. Other fine trees in the park were floodlit and as it was a dry evening guests, old and young, were able to sit out and admire the beauty or stroll about the lawns, although there was ample sitting-out space in the house, in the library, drawing and other rooms all filled with glorious flowers.

THIS was an exceptionally happy occasion, as not only are the Hennessys and the Blundells outstandingly friendly and warm-hearted, and all four wonderful hosts, but besides celebrating Susie and Georgina's coming out, friends joined in wishing Mrs. Hennessy a very happy birthday, and were able to congratulate her sister and brother-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. "Gar" Barker, as it was their silver wedding anniversary! The whole evening was indeed, one of great happiness.

Many friends in the district had house parties or dinner parties for the dance, among them Sir William and Lady Mount, Mr. and Mrs. "Boy" Pilkington, the Hon. Sherman and Mrs. Stonor, Mr. and Mrs. John Hislop, Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Thornton, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. George Sheffield who had a very big party for the dance, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Cobbold, Sir Anthony and Lady Doughty-Tichborne, the Hon. Mrs. Whetherly, Mrs. Alec Pilkington, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Michael Gold who brought a very big party from Tangier Park their home near Basingstoke, and Mrs. Pembroke whose young guests included Mr. Euan Johnston, Mr. Lionel Stopford Sackville, Miss "Di" Tuckett and Miss Susie Elyn.

OTHER débutantes at the party included the Hon. Annabel Hennessy who was staying in the house, Miss Caroline Butler, Lady Anne Nevill, Miss Zandra Seely, the Hon. Susan Lever, and the attractive Cobbold twins Anne and Clare.

Quite a few older girls who have come out in the previous few seasons were present, including Miss Sarah Blundell, Miss Deirdre and Miss Diana Child, the Hon. Rosalie Hennessy whose brother David was there, Miss Philippa Nickalls who looked sweet in a red and white printed organza dress, Miss Diana Morley Kennerly, and Miss Patricia Cottingham. Older friends included Mrs. Blundell's mother Mrs. Dean, Sir Henry and Lady d'Avigdor-Goldsmid, Sir Anthony and Lady Meyer, Mr. and Mrs. Toby Waddington, Viscountess Leverhulme, Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Bowring, Dr. and Mrs. Charles Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Morley Kennerly, and young marrieds Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. Philip de Zulueta, and Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Koch de Gooreynd.

A dance in Berkshire

THE Hon. Mrs. Frederick Hennessy and Mrs. Jonathan Blundell gave a coming out dance for their debutante daughters at Harwood Lodge, Woolton Hill, Newbury, a most attractive setting for a delightful party



Miss Susan Hennessy and Miss Georgina Blundell, for whom the dance was given



Miss Frances Sweeney and the Hon. Mary Stopford, daughter of Viscount Stopford



Mr. Michael Pakenham was dancing with his young hostess Miss Susan Hennessy

Mrs. Morton Bowyer in company with Mr. M. A. N. MacEwen



Mr. Christopher Hodgson, Miss Annette Milne-Redhead and the Hon. Annabel Hennessy were among those present



Marching from the school to the parade ground for inspection

*The
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and
Bystander,
JULY 4,
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CANFORDIANS ON PARADE

MORE than four hundred officers and cadets of Canford School Combined Cadet Force took part in the annual parade and inspection. The inspection was made by Lt.-Gen. C. R. Hardy, R.M., accompanied by the headmaster, Mr. J. W. S. Hardie, and officers representing the Royal Navy, Army, Royal Air Force and the Royal Marines



Lt.-Gen. Hardy inspects the Naval contingent. The party also included the headmaster, Lt.-Col. Y. E. S. Kirkpatrick, commander of the Cadet Force, and representatives of the Services



Mr. R. Thorne, Mrs. T. G. Nash, Mrs. Thorne, Mrs. Y. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Hardie and Christopher and Richard Thorne



David Mills, Anthony Tucker, Will Marshall, Ian Saunders and Rodney Hill, who are all at Canford



Mr. Wilfred Warner, Mrs. Warner, Stephen Warner, and M. S. Warner



Mr. Derrick Scott and Mrs. Scott were with their son Julian Scott



Michael Coombe with his mother Mrs. P. Rathbone watch the parade

Victor Yorke



OLYMPIC SHARPIE TRIALS

THE annual international races for the 12 sq. metre Sharpie class held off Hayling Island served as the final trials for the selection of the British boat to be sent to Melbourne. During the five days the competitors, who represented several nations, experienced every kind of weather. Seen racing above are Spotvogel (H 128) W. Guldmond of Holland, Frolic (K 117) R. Garnham, Tineke (US 1) W. R. Ray of the U.S.A., and Annabella (K 76) O. Tyndale-Atkins



Senhor Rodolpho Fragozo, Mrs. John Widdows and Mrs. Gavin Anderson in one of the rescue launches towing a boat in difficulties

Mr. Brian Ware, Miss Jane Clarke and Mrs. R. E. D. Ryder on her husband's yacht Foresight



Mrs. C. J. Wynne-Edwards, Mr. Charles Currey, Mrs. Warrilow, Mrs. Currey and Mr. A. Warrilow at the Hayling Island Sailing Club

Gabor Denes

ADMIRAL LORD NELSON

SLEPT HERE



The town of Cuidadela rises above the small harbour. Characteristic houses of Mahon (right) seen through the balcony of the town hall



SAILORS, look the other way. We are about to pass a bicentenary better left uncelebrated; though the French have cunningly contrived that it *shall* be celebrated every time we put a sauce upon a salad.

In 1756 we lost Minorca. This was the sad occasion on which a British admiral, because he was chased by a French admiral, was court-martialled and shot—"pour encourager les autres," as Voltaire put it. The French were so cock-a-hoop that they published to the world a sauce called Mayonnaise, after Mahón in Minorca. This gastronomic *arc de triomphe* has endured two hundred years, though French rule in Minorca only lasted seven. After that the British got it back.

Except for two rude interruptions by the French, Minorca was a British island for about a century. We returned it to Spain in 1802, but there are reminders of our stay on every side. Gin and marbles, bow windows and a Highland dance are still part of the Minorcan way of life; as well as a few queer cries like "Ah, well!" and "All fall down!" And the Minorcans feel that it confers distinction, if not credit, to sport a British ancestor; as distinct from the mere Carthaginian, Roman, Arab or Visigothic ancestor which any Spaniard might produce. An English officer by the name of Victory seems to have been especially prolific. His descendants turn up in all walks of life, from the most exalted down, in Mahón and the region round about.

Nelson's house at San Antonio, which looks out over the waters of Mahon Harbour



MINORCA is the size of the Isle of Wight; it is the second biggest of the Balearic Islands but the farthest out to sea, which is one reason why not so many people go there. The honeymooners who are shipped in droves to Majorca and Ibiza have not heard about Minorca yet. If it is left to travel agencies, they never will; for travel agencies, like film companies and music publishers, prefer to bet on certainties. Majorca is a certainty: easy to get to, and bound to satisfy the normal client. But Minorca—well, you never know; every now and then some individualist gets fanatical about Minorca, but will the masses like it? Hardly. It is not cosily, conventionally picturesque; the mountains are not so high as the mountains of Majorca, the folk are not so folky-looking as the natives of Ibiza.

True, it is littered with prehistoric monuments of one kind or another including a T-shaped variety, known as a taula, which you will not find in any other place. Nobody seems to know what these were for. But there are no luxury hotels, no fashionable beaches. If you like sailing or underwater fishing, you can do it here.

The Minorcans are not tourist-minded. They farm, they fish, they smuggle (mostly cigarettes), they manufacture shoes and, in a charming little factory at San Luis, model ships which they export to America: but the bare and stony beauty of their island, with its whitewashed houses and stunted trees and jagged coast, is not a commodity they have learnt to market yet. They do not even bother to stick sails upon their windmills, once they are no longer needed. They would make a gay show if they did, for there are plenty of them and there is usually a puff of air.

SYDNEY CARTER describes the charm of Minorca, the least well-known and visited of the Balearic Isles. He sketches in the history of the island to show how it has become an enchanting mixture of Spanish, French and English customs, traditions and architecture. David Moore took the photographs

Wind, rock and sea: that is Minorca. It is very much an island—white, neat, nautical, workmanlike and stripped for action. Any picturesqueness is unself-conscious, accidental, Spartan-looking. Which is why some people like it.

And, of course, it is full of a "period" quality which you do not get in any other Balearic isle: an English, eighteenth-century combination of neatness and elegance, especially around the harbour. It was the harbour, of course, which brought the British here to begin with: a land-locked fiord, three miles long, which is the answer to a naval power's prayer. At the inside end of it stands Port Mahón—which is not named after an Irishman, but after a Carthaginian: Mago, the brother of Hannibal, to be exact. The accent is on the second syllable.

The British took Minorca in 1708: they were pushed out twice but back they came each time, with gin and marbles. When they left in 1802 fortifications which had cost a million eighteenth-century pounds were dismantled; but a road linking one end of the island to the other, the most lasting benefit of British rule, still functions to the present day. A plaque to Sir Richard Kane, who built it, was put up as recently as 1924.

IN spite of a hulking lump of marble in Westminster Abbey, Kane is forgotten by the British; but not by the Minorcans. Besides building roads Kane introduced new kinds of game, cattle, poultry and plants from Britain and Barbary and imposed price control. His memory is kept alive by a plum. One day (says legend) he went down to the market and an old woman showed him a local plum. "What do they call it in England?" he was asked. "Never saw it there," he said. Since when it is known in Minorca as a Never Saw.

After the shocking business in 1756 the French threw a large garrison into Minorca and built a charming little barrack town, San Luis. The British equivalent, Georgetown (now known as Villa Carlos) stands just inside the entrance to the harbour, near the dismantled fortress of St. Philip. Here, as in Mahón, you will find fanlights, green shutters and sash windows—a fragment from Jane Austen, bleaching in the Balearic sun, with the red and gold flag of Spain above the British barrack square. San Luis, Villa Carlos and Mahón are joined by a triangle of roads still known as the Vuelta del Milord: the Milord, of course, being Kane.

BETWEEN 1798 and 1802, Nelson was based on Minorca. From his house above the harbour, called the Golden Farm, he could signal to Collingwood who lived across the water. He also wrote his memoirs on a desk and slept in a bed still proudly shown to visitors. History does not say if Lady Hamilton was with him. Local pride is affronted if you say that she was not. The name HAMILTON is hurled like a challenge from the white wall of a hotel on your left as you sail into the harbour.

Hotels? Here most guide books crib from one another, and are ten years out of date about Minorca: since which time the Hamilton (at Villa Carlos, one mile from Mahón) and the Xuroy (at Alcaufur, a creek six miles from Mahón) have opened. Both are cheap and clean. For this kind of information the best source is *A Fortnight In The Balearics* by Gordon Hooper (3s. 6d.). For prehistoric monuments, atmosphere and smuggling I would strongly recommend a novel: *Somewhere A Voice Is Calling* by John Lodwick—the best and indeed the only one that I know about Minorca.



A charming small church near Mahon, capital of Minorca

Fiesta decorations hang in a back street of Mahon





The Corps of Drums of the Welsh Guards, watched with interest by the guests at the dance

A COMING-OUT DANCE BY THE RIVER THAMES

GUESTS at the debutante dance given by Mrs. Davies-Scourfield and Mrs. Guy Stanton for their daughters Miss Precelly Davies-Scourfield and Miss Serena Fass, watched the Corps of Drums of the Welsh Guards in full dress uniform as they marched and counter-marched outside the ballroom at midnight; the dance was held at the Guards Boat Club at Maidenhead. The father of one of the young hostesses, Lt.-Col. D. G. Davies-Scourfield, M.C., is regimental colonel of the Welsh Guards. Earlier Mrs. Davies-Scourfield, Mrs. Stanton, and their daughters had welcomed their 450 guests outside the ballroom, which had been decorated with oranges and lemons on an evergreen background

Miss Elizabeth Rhys was with Capt. John Burchnell

Miss Tessa Head and the Hon. Paddy Pakenham



Miss Aurea Battiscombe and Mr. Simon Turner

Miss Virginia Wynne-Thomas and Mr. Michael Cave



Miss Miranda Bulkeley and Mr. John Impey in the ballroom



Mr. M. Stokes-Rees, Miss S. Stoneham,
Mr. J. Morrogh-Bernard

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Desmond O'Neill
Mrs. Guy Stanton, her daughter Miss Serena Fass, Miss Precelly
Davies-Scourfield and her mother Mrs. D. G. Davies-Scourfield



Sir Richard Latham talking to
Countess Bunny Esterhazy

Miss Susan Kettle and Mr. John
Richardson



Miss Christine Fairfax-Ross and
Mr. Anthony Robertson



Miss Tessa Milne dancing with
Mr. James Stanford



Mr. David Whitaker and Miss
Alexandra MacLeod



"... and don't think I don't know you're lying there, wishing you were with someone else"

Roundabout

• Cyril Ray

NOWADAYS, of course, if you are a president or a prime minister, a film star or a field marshal, you take very good care that no historic event, or event you intend to make historic, takes place until you have made very sure that the raw material of history is being recorded.

The guns don't open fire until the war correspondents are assembled and briefed; the oath isn't taken until the exact spot has been chosen for the microphone; the film stars don't get married until the television cameras are in position. But when the Declaration of Independence was adopted in the little town of Philadelphia, on that Fourth of July a hundred and eighty years ago—the Independence Day that is being celebrated today by a nation of something like two hundred million people—"no drama marked the roll call, no independence bell rang out the news in joyous peals, no far-seeing prophet, looking down the centuries,

beheld countless generations celebrating that event with solemn reverence—and fire-crackers." Just think what Mr. Dimbleby would have done with it.

It was a very English America in those days. In fact, the America that took up arms against the redcoats was far more English—in family names, and in blood; in speech and style and way of life—than the America of today against whom it is inconceivable that we should ever go to war.

THAT was the America that still spoke the language of its contemporaries on this side of the Atlantic—the language of Burke and Fox, of Gibbon and Pitt—and, observing that "a decent respect to the Opinions of Mankind requires that they should dictate the causes which impel them to the Separation," the newly United States went on to that appropriately dignified piece of prose that enshrines the democratic view of the

dignity of man: "We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all Men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights; that among these are Life, Liberty, and the Pursuit of Happiness."

When our American cousins celebrate today, with fire-crackers and highballs, in accents and garments that proclaim the New World, I hope that a few will remember—just one or two, here and there between the rock-ribbed New England coast and the sundrenched shores of California—that when their forebears spoke out for freedom, six generations ago, it was with the tongues of Englishmen, and fired by an English passion.

★ ★ ★

READERS of the *Manchester Guardian* have been comparing notes on the subject of the most distasteful public notices to be seen in England, plucking a misplaced

apostrophe from some local authority's pronouncement, and a gross piece of bad spelling from a school. I rather enjoyed, myself, the vision conjured up by the macabre notice to motorists on a pedestrians' island in the middle of a road at Newport: "Please pass both sides." It recalled a pre-war cartoon by Charles Addams in the *New Yorker*, showing a ski-trail in the snow, the tracks of the two skis dividing as they came to a tree. . . .

But my favourite public notice is neither a clumsily expressed piece of English at home, nor one of those wildly absurd misplaced ingenuities from Swiss hotels and Far Eastern emporia that are always being quoted, like that of the Chinese tailor and dressmaker who announced: "Ladies Have Fits Upstairs." No, my own favourite is much simpler, and I jotted it down in Venice only a few years ago, as I passed the establishment of an Italian dyer and cleaner proud of knowing, not one, but two languages other than his own:

Lavanderia e Stireria
Lavanderia et Repasserie
Laundry and Irony

★ ★ ★

IT must be the morbid fear, in artists of our generation, of the grand manner and the heroic moment—their sardonic love of the matter-of-fact for the sake of bathos—that prompted W. H. Auden, giving his inaugural lecture as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, to reveal that "I began writing poetry myself because one Sunday afternoon in March, 1922, a friend suggested that I should: the thought never occurred to me."

His next remark, by the way, was that his favourite reading up till then had been such works as *Machinery for Metalliferous Mines*, and *Lead and Zinc Ores of Northumberland and Alston Moor*, and as in March, 1922, Wystan Hugh Auden was just fifteen, I find this a little hard to follow. If not poetry—Swinburne, perhaps—then politics; if not politics, then blood; but—*metallurgy*?

TO be told of the guise assumed by the Muse when she first kissed young Auden's adolescent brow is not only a let-down after the poet's eye of Shakespeare, in a fine frenzy rolling, and the infant Pope, who lisped in numbers, for the numbers came, but brings one down to earth with more of a bump even than Housman did, less than a generation ago.

It was at the other ancient university, in the nineteen-thirties, that the Professor of Latin, delivering the Leslie Stephen Lecture, told of how he would take a pint of beer at luncheon, and a walk, and how "as I went along, thinking of nothing in particular, only looking at things around me, and following the progress of the seasons, there would flow into my mind, with sudden and unaccountable emotion, sometimes a line or two of verse, sometimes a whole stanza at once, accompanied, not preceded, by a vague notion of



MR. G. O. ("Gully") NICKALLS is one of the best known and most popular personalities of the rowing world. He is chairman of the Amateur Rowing Association, has won the Grand Challenge Cup seven times, and is one of the umpires at this year's Henley Regatta, which starts today. His father, Capt. Guy Nickalls, was widely known for his many articles on rowing and sculling, and Mr. Nickalls's first recollection of Henley was in 1905, when he was taken to see his father row. He is a clever painter, and has exhibited at the Royal Academy

the poem which they were destined to form part of. Then there would usually be a lull of an hour or so, then perhaps the spring would bubble up again."

Professor Housman's pint of beer at luncheon may be prosaic enough, but the bubbling up of inspiration strikes one as pretty poetic—as did the habit he said his whiskers had at shaving-time, of bristling up, under the razor's edge, when a line of poetry came into his mind.

And yet I must confess that Professor Auden's very matter-of-factness has its appeal to a man of his own time; and I have no doubt, anyway, about his having the root of the matter in him, however casually he says it was planted. The very last words of his lecture: "there is only one thing that all poetry must do: it must praise all it can for being and for happening," is an echo in prose of what he has written in verse, in a poem

JAPANESE INN

When on the mountain side we saw the tea-house

Overlooking so many tilled green lowlands,
We wrote no poems; all were written for us.
And in the night there was no need of writing.

The picture in the bedroom held the secret
Of such a journey, springs insisted night-long

On telling us the magic of the mountains.

—Edmund Blunden

printed in full in the excellent new Chatto Book of Modern Poetry:

*Follow, poet, follow right
To the bottom of the night,
With your unconstraining voice
Still persuade us to rejoice;*

*In the deserts of the heart
Let the healing fountain start,
In the prison of his days
Teach the free man how to praise.*

★ ★ ★

I WASN'T a bit surprised to hear that the police have been coming across cock-fighting in Cheshire. It's been illegal for more than a century, but before the war, in Manchester, you might often run into a leery cove in this bar or that, who would put finger to side of nose and hint at some quiet tavern in Cheshire, or remote farmhouse in the Lakes, where there was a bit of sport to be had, for chaps of the right sort. I always spoiled my chances by letting on that I was a newspaperman, and then the leery cove's mouth would shut like a trap, and he would slip away—sometimes so quickly as to forget to pay for his round.

If it weren't that bears are harder to come by than gamecocks they might even still be bear-baiting in Cheshire. When the town bear of Congleton died, in 1662, the churchwardens spent the money collected for a new Bible on a new bear.

Wherever there are colliers, I'm told, there's cock-fighting, just as there's coursing and whippet-racing. I'm told that there's sport of the kind to be had on Tyneside though, there again, I've never set eyes on it myself. All I know is that a friend up there once jerked his thumb at a little shop in a Newcastle back alley, and told me that that was where you could buy silver spurs for your gamecock.

NO other English sport, I suppose, has given so many words and phrases to our everyday vocabulary, all somehow suggesting the aggressive, ostentatious, and yet somehow endearing pugnacity of a gamecock—isn't there a friendly note in your reference to someone's being cocky? Wouldn't we all wish to live like fighting cocks?—True, it's by way of the after-deck of the old men-of-war, where the wounded were laid, that the pilot's compartment of an aircraft came to be called a cockpit—but the after-deck was named after the cockpit itself, perhaps because they both ran with blood.

Don't, though, let any antique-dealer try to tell you, as dealers will, that those eighteenth-century chairs with broad arms, and a book-rest at the back, are cock-fighting chairs; they aren't, though people are always saying so. They were designed for libraries: you straddled the chair, spread your elbows, and rested your book on the book-rest. Sheraton himself explained it all. Though I'm not saying that a country gentleman of Fielding's time mightn't, now and again, have carried a chair down from the little-used library to the much-frequented cockpit, and straddled it, with his elbows spread, to watch the main and shout the odds.



Three of the four Basenji puppies sold by Miss Veronica Tudor-Williams to King Farouk. A historic occurrence, by which the dogs of ancient Egypt returned after centuries to the country of their origin

CHARMERS OF OLD NILE

LADY HELEN NUTTING, President of the Basenji Club of Great Britain, writes about the oldest breed of dogs in the world—great individualists who fascinatingly contradict many notions of what a dog ought to be like



Champion Petal of the Congo, bred and owned by Miss Veronica Tudor-Williams

I AM delighted that a film called *Goodbye, My Lady* will introduce to a vast public the least known but oldest breed of dogs in the world—the Basenji.

If you have heard of them at all, you have doubtless heard (which is true) that they come from Africa, are barkless, wash their faces with their paws, as cats do—and laugh. They are entitled to laugh—for civilizations have come and gone, but they have survived, with their essential characteristics preserved intact, for thousands and thousands of years.

Professor Thomas Noack, writing of the species for the Zoological Society, says that the “general form of these dogs is the same as those of Old Egypt, that is a small dog with upright ears and a ringed tail; the colour is yellow, reddish yellow and white, black and white, or brown. The skulls are highly interesting, especially the profile, in proportions and dimensions so similar to that of the oldest of the *Canis palustris* that they may be taken for living fossils.”

It is possible that ancestors of the present-day Basenji hunted with Stone Age man: it is certain that they were much prized, both as house-dogs and hunting-dogs, in Ancient Egypt. Engravings in tombs from as far back as 3600 B.C. depict them in either capacity—invariably alert beside the figure of the master who cherished them.

NOTHING could be more mysterious than the fate of these beautiful and intelligent little dogs after the disintegration of Ancient Egypt's proud civilization. Nothing at all was heard of them from that time until the middle of the nineteenth century—when explorers venturing into the heart of Darkest Africa began to report the existence of a strange breed of dog, variously called Congo terriers, Bongo, Nyam-Nyam and Zande dogs, but all in fact Basenjies, a name which, literally translated, means “bush thing” or “wild thing.”

I first came across the Basenji when I was living in the Sudan, in the early 1920s; they were called there Zande dogs and were not indigenous to the Sudan but had been brought from the interior. As I have always felt strongly that one of the duties of Empire is the conservation and perpetuation of rare flora and fauna, I was most anxious to bring to England, for breeding purposes, several good specimens.

A friend of mine, Major L. N. Brown, managed to acquire six Basenjies from natives west of Meridi, in one of the most inaccessible regions of Central Africa; it took a great deal of diplomacy on his part, for the chiefs who owned them would more readily have sold their daughters and wives than their dogs. These six lovely animals were sent to me in Khartoum, where I kept them until I was due to return home. I was by then quite in love with them, and made the most careful arrangements for them to accompany me.

THEY survived the long journey in excellent health and created a great stir on arrival at Tilbury. They were placed in quarantine and everything possible was done for their welfare. I was heartbroken when they died as a result of the after effects of distemper inoculations—which at that time were in the experimental stages.

Though my own attempt to establish the Basenji in this country ended so tragically, I continued to do everything in my power to promote interest in the breed and am more than happy to report that, in recent years, in improved and modern conditions, the Basenji has been successfully imported and bred in Britain, where some three thousand have been registered.

Basenjies are the most affable of dogs—easy to train, because they love to please and be praised. They are extremely fleet of foot and have a keen sense of smell—which makes them remarkably fine game dogs, though their method of pointing is unusual; with their haunches high, they extend both forepaws flat on the ground, as though kow-towing. They are most affectionate and very good with children. They have a tremendous sense of fun and can be high-spiritedly naughty—but, says Miss Tudor-Williams, one of the best known Basenji breeders, in her book on them, “no dog has brought apology to a finer art.

“How can one be cross with an animal which lies on its back with both hands folded over its eyes, or stands on its head turning somersaults, or peeps round the door watching the reactions of an indignant owner and yodelling loudly when it finds the moment of retribution can no longer be averted?”

To anyone seeking a truly lovable pet, I wholeheartedly recommend the inexpressibly endearing Basenji.



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*Mr. and Mrs. Lew Hoad, from Australia. He is the
No. 1 seeded player*

WIMBLEDON PREVIEW

ALL the leading Wimbledon players were present at a garden party held by the International Lawn Tennis Club of Great Britain at Hurlingham. Personalities in the British tennis world also attended this event and the matches provided an exciting rehearsal for the contest at Wimbledon



Desmond O'Neill

*Miss D. Hard and Mrs. Beverley Fleitz playing Miss Anthea Gibson
and Miss Angela Buxton*



*Miss Annie-Lou Worthington Evans
and Miss Nira Pears*



*Mr. J. Fleitz, Miss Barbara Davidson
and Mrs. Beverley Fleitz*



*Mrs. Vic Seixas was here with
Mrs. A. E. Dehnert*

*Miss Sonia Ivory and Mr. David
Paterson*

*Sir J. Smyth, V.C., Mrs. Mottram,
Miss Mortimer and Mr. Hughes*

*Mrs. W. Tucker, Mr. James Tucker
and Mr. W. Tucker*





Mlle. GENEVIEVE FRANCOIS-PONCET, whose father was once French Ambassador in Berlin, and High Commissioner in Germany until last year, is seen in her family's house in the rue de Ranelagh



BARONESS THIERRY VAN ZUYLEN VAN NYEVELT is married to the son of the Baron Edmont van Zuylen van Nyevelt van der Haar. Spanish born, she is on the staff of an international literary quarterly in Paris

Priscilla in Paris

SOVIET BALLET TRIUMPHED



I TRIED to remember, as I reluctantly dressed for the first night of *le Ballet Soviétique de Moscou* at the Châtelet theatre this week, what I felt when I prepared, so many years ago, to set out for the same theatre for the première of Sergei Diaghilev's Russian ballet. Since those were the early evenings of my attendance at first nights I could only recall, rummage as I would in the attic chests of memory, that I was happy and excited as youth usually is before an Event (and greatly relieved that a threatening pimple on my chin had not materialized!)

My reluctance to turn out the other evening was due to the fact that though I do not remember the "before" of that first First Night the "after" still stirs me. Not twice in a lifetime can one feel the tremendous, breathless, throat-constricting shock that the *Ballets Russes* brought to Paris. This does not mean that I was prejudiced against the present famous company of dancers but it does mean that I knew every step and gesture of *The Swan Lake* that we were to see in its chaste entirety and uncompromising classicism, and that I do not feel competent to judge the technique that governs pure, but not simple, virtuoso dancing.

THE audience on this night was as brilliant as in those far off, pre-other-war days when Czars were still fashionable. The applause was immense and the welcome accorded to the *Comédie française* when it visited Moscow last year has now been returned with interest to the Ballet Soviétique of the Stanislavsky National Theatre now appearing in Paris. During the interval the enthusiasm, no doubt, was less unanimous. Madame de Noailles' "They dance like angels!" was capped by Maître Maurice Garçon's somewhat

disdainful: "Old-fashioned romanticism!" Serge Lifar became nostalgic anent the "long ago," which was normal, and a famous ballerina of the Paris *corps de ballet* was somewhat acidulated in her remarks—which was flattering. All Paris agreed however that Violetta Bofft, a most gifted *danseuse étoile*, is both young and charming. She is the daughter of a tramcar conductor and is rightly proud of her title: *artiste du peuple*. An eminent critic was heard to say that she has a little of the charm of Margot Fonteyn and more than a suggestion of Yvette Chauvire's "lyrism." Noel Coward is reported to have declared that he was reminded of the pantomime harlequinades of his childhood, but I did not hear him myself and we all know how untrustworthy are these whispering games!

NEEDLESS to say that all the *corps diplomatique* was present and His Excellency, Comrade Vinogradov, was heartily congratulated. All the political notabilities in Paris at the moment were having an evening off, trying to forget their tormenting responsibilities and the harassing times they are going through. M. and Mme. Edgar Faure neighboured with M. and Mme. Mendès-France; M. Pineau, Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Jacquinet, Minister of Information, Presidents de Troquer and Monnerville were in the same row of stalls as MM. Paul Reynaud, Jacquinet and General Corniglion-Molinier, but it was surprising to see how many members of the left benches had been parked on those uncomfortable little tip-up seats known as *strapontins* that are so patiently tolerated by Parisian playgoers. Perhaps this was in revenge for their Stalinist sympathies.

Lady Diana Cooper, in a beautiful wrap of pale blue taffetas, looked lovelier than ever. Mme. de Ayala's silver fox cape was sensa-



PRIZEWINNERS in the dance contests at the Paris Conservatoire: Milles, Yolande Moulards, Christiane Biscos, Claude Duvernov, and M. J-P. Martino

tional, Mme. Georges Auric wore marine blue mousseline and Hélène Gordon-Lazareff was in orange-red organza with a matching coat. The vicomtesse de Kerkaradec was . . . but it is impossible to mention all the lovely wearers of lovely frocks. It is a long time since so many exquisite creations have been seen at a première and when, at the end of the evening, the dancers made the charming gesture of bombarding the audience with the bouquets that had been presented to them, the audience was inclined to consider that the gesture was well deserved! In fact everyone was delighted with everything . . . except one little starlet whose pretty nose was badly scratched by a rose thorn.

THE City Fathers have given their annual garden party in the beautiful setting of the *roseraie* at Bagatelle, in beaming sunshine.

President René Coty spent an hour at the party, taking tea by the water-lily lake with His Excellency the British Ambassador and Lady Jebb. Again at this party were some enchanting frocks, but sartorial excitement was centred round the Ambassador's hat—a black bowler—and the frock-coats worn by three of the most important City Fathers.

This cast rather a gloom. Most of the young Brummells present, while approving of the bowler, looked askance at the *redingotes*. "I thought they went out with the daguerreotypes!" sighed Philip Bouvard. "Yes, but daguerreotypes are coming back also," murmured Pierre Lefranc, the interior decorator . . . and the gloom deepened!

Avis aux travailleurs

- A framed notice hangs on the wall behind a famous writer's table, it says: "Friend, if you have nothing to do, please go and do it elsewhere."



Tradition that survived the Revolution

AFTER a lapse of more than forty years, an indigenous Russian ballet appears again on a West European stage, its fragile elegance and colour unscathed by time or ideologies. Two of the dancers in Paris are shown in a scene from the uncut "The Swan Lake"



Her Majesty presenting the Smith's Lawn Cup to Prince Philip, for the winning Windsor Park team. Right, Col. W. H. Gerard Leigh and Lt.-Col. H. P. Guinness

Desmond O'Neil



Miss P. Greig was with Capt. E. Firkbanks-Smith

Dr. Richard May escorted Miss Jean Evans



Miss Marina Kennedy, Miss H. Tiarks and Mr. J. Urquijo

Miss Gaynor Tregoning and Mr. R. Baker Wilbraham



Mr. A. Wallace Turner and Miss Gillian Ireland-Smith

Miss Gill Maxwell in company with Mrs. Guy Mansell





Brig. Sir A. Horsburgh Porter, Friar Park, defends goal against Prince Philip and Col. W. H. Gerard Leigh

THE POLO AT WINDSOR IN ASCOT WEEK

THE Queen, who presented the various trophies, and members of the Royal Family were amongst the crowds of spectators who went to watch the polo each evening after the racing. Nearly all the British polo clubs took part in the week's games



*Brig. Sir A. Horsburgh Porter and
Col. H. P. Guinness*



*Mr. J. K. Barlow, the Cambridge
University player*



*Mr. P. R. Wilson and Mr. H. P.
Barclay*

*Mr. John Mowbray and Miss Jane
Allday, a 1956 debutante*

*Miss Jill Moseley and Miss Jane
Peake were among the spectators*

*Brig. L. M. Gibbs, the Hon. Mrs.
Milbank and Miss S. Maxwell*





At the Theatre

THAT OLD-STYLE SPARKLE

WRITERS on the theatre have one frailty in common with colleagues who bear the weightier responsibility for covering Test Match cricket. They are more to be trusted when they comment on what has happened than when, cheerfully or gloomily, they reason out with admirable logic what is likely to happen. Only a few months ago there was no holding those who insisted that the London theatre had been in a bad way for a great while and was just about to die. Whereupon the invalid leapt indignantly out of bed and has been up and doing to such purpose ever since that at least half a dozen of the many new productions can be firmly recommended as first rate. This selection includes tragedy, light comedy, artificial comedy and farce, and now at the Apollo there is excellent entertainment for fanciers of revue.

SHOULD we assume from this splendid burst of activity that the theatre has taken an upward trend and that we can count on marvellously good times ahead? It would be a very rash assumption. Theatrical trends, whether upward or downward, are quite unpredictable till they have been duly cut and dried for the historian's page and have ceased to matter. There is a general belief, for instance, that revue as we know it is finished. It is an exhausted form, and the new form, as *Cranks* plainly shows, is to be surrealist and scatty. A delightful prospect; yet to this clearly marked trend *For Amusement Only*, the latest thing in revue, pays virtually no attention. It makes its success out of the conventional mixture of biting lyrics, cruel impersonations, lively dances and outrageous burlesque. The only concession to revue of the future is a girl who

acts as a *commère* perched on a tree branch high over the stage. We must wait for scattiness to resume its doubtless inevitable march.

It is pleasant meanwhile to have revue as Mr. Peter Myers believes it ought to be. He has a neat talent for quickly-glancing parody and satire.

The worst thing to be said against *For Amusement Only* is that it starts unpromisingly. The first half a dozen items make hardly a point that is worth recalling, except perhaps the appearance of Miss Thelma Ruby as a placarded woman with a husband and three Daimlers to support. But Mr. Jimmy Thompson suddenly sets us all roaring at his stylish and merciless mockery of Liberace and at the same time sets the revue on its feet. The whole company come together shortly

"FOR AMUSEMENT ONLY" (Apollo). Hugh Paddick's "one man went to mow" is grievously subject to the whims of the agricultural authorities. Dilys Laye impersonating Marilyn Monroe carries all before her, to the edification of Ronnie Stevens' Richard III (after Sir Laurence Olivier) and Davy Crockett's ghost (Ron Moody), laments Disney Enterprises Inc. Below: Thelma Ruby as Juliet cum Lady Macbeth. Drawings by Emmwood

after in a happy romp showing Sir Laurence Olivier and Miss Marilyn Monroe in a film romance treating Eton and Roedean as a single co-educational school. It is in long numbers that Mr. Myers's talent for parody is happiest.

Even funnier than the film romp is the long number showing an amateur operatic society, which has rehearsed for eleven months, struggling through its performance. The performance is dominated by Mr. Ron Moody as the student prince played by a young clerk who is too shy to speak in the presence of departmental chiefs in the audience, and takes refuge from criticism in magnificent gestures. Miss Ruby is the managing director's wife who has consented to sing the vocally important part of the princess, but has disdained to take singing lessons.

MR. HUGH PADDICK, given suitable material, is an extremely droll person. Here he is given an abundance of suitable material. He is an Old Vic Romeo playing the balcony scene with a Juliet who has mistaken the day of the week and has come expecting to be Lady Macbeth. He and Miss Ruby convey the actors' mingled embarrassment and exasperation with the nicest comic tact, and Mr. Paddick is excellent in a monologue which allows him to survey the London stage with a wickedly satirical eye.

Mr. Ronnie Stevens also does good work, especially with an ingeniously rhymed lyric set to Offenbach showing how much more exciting than walking off with pictures from the Tate is the business of snatching a masterpiece from the galleries lining the underground escalators.

—Anthony Cookman





NEW LAURELS FOR BELITA

BELITA, the skating star, makes her debut as a straight actress, playing opposite Barry Sinclair in a new American play *Sight Unseen*, which is being presented in London shortly. Belita's career must be unique. Not only was she competing in the Olympic Games at the age of eleven, but as a ballet dancer she danced with Dolin at Covent Garden three years later and also excelled as a champion at tennis and swimming

*Photograph by
Vivienne*

At the Pictures

SPYGLASS ON LONDON

Two of the current batch of new films give glimpses of London which should gratify anybody who is, like Mr. Schnozzle Durante, a vulture for culture.

Mr. Alfred Hitchcock, in his remake of his own twenty-one year old hair-raiser, *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, shows Technicolor crowds streaming into the Albert Hall, packing the place from floor to ceiling and listening, rapt, to a cantata. Mr. Charles Frend's neat and restrained drama of detection, *The Long Arm*, contains some pleasing shots of happy, laughing thousands (monochrome) pouring out of the Royal Festival Hall after a gala performance.

There is a third film though, which throws a little light on another feature of London life, and may well cause high British brows to wrinkle. It is Mr. Herbert Wilcox's domestic piece, *My Teenage Daughter*, in several sequences of which can be seen scores of scruffy-looking seventeen-year-olds, obviously with troglodyte tendencies, jammed together in a smoke-filled cellar where they writhe, rock and roll dementedly to the primitive tumult of a small but aggressive band. Will not this give foreigners a horrid impression of our young? I shouldn't think so.

LET the world look upon these three pictures—I have no doubt they will be given the widest distribution as they are all good—and conclude that Londoners, despite rumours to the contrary, are musical, that they do *not* take their pleasures sadly, and that they have their social problems, just like everybody else.

Mr. Hitchcock's stars are Mr. James Stewart and Miss Doris Day, so the couple who find themselves terrifyingly caught up in a net of high political intrigue are now American. The film opens in Marrakesh.



MAUREEN SWANSON is rapidly climbing to fame. She is under contract to the Rank Organization, and largely as a result of her work in *A Town Like Alice* she stars with Dirk Bogarde in *The Spanish Gardener*, adapted from A. J. Cronin's novel

ANNA NEAGLE plays the part of the fiction editress of a teenage magazine and the mother of twelve-year-old Julia Lockwood (below) in the Wilcox-Neagle production *My Teenage Daughter*. Sylvia Syms plays the elder daughter who is very rebellious





Jack Hawkins, as the capable C.I.D. man from Scotland Yard, interrogates Michael Brooke and Dorothy Alison in *The Long Arm*

Mr. Stewart and Miss Day are strolling through the marketplace—cue for colourful scenes of native pedlars, story-tellers and tumblers at work—when an Arab (or is he an Arab?), dying with a nasty-looking knife in his back, breathes into Mr. Stewart's ear a mysterious message which it is vitally important should be delivered in London. Returning to their hotel, they find that their child (a small boy, this time), Master Chris Olsen, has been kidnapped and whisked off to London by a deceptively dull British man and wife, Mr. Bernard Miles and Miss Brenda de Banzie. The frantic parents follow: they dare not confide in the police—they must solve their problems themselves.

So far, excellent. Then Mr. Hitchcock, for some inscrutable reason, introduces a private joke about Mr. and Mrs. Val Parnell, of the London Palladium; this not only holds up the action but indicates an irritating misconception of character. Nobody who knows Mrs. Parnell will believe that she would placidly snooze in Mr. Stewart's and Miss Day's hotel suite while they were tracking down their lost child and averting an assassination at the Albert Hall: Mrs. Parnell would have been well ahead of them, every step of the way.

I found this re-make rather less exciting than the taut original but those to whom it comes as something entirely fresh will undoubtedly tense to it, as Mr. Hitchcock intends them to do. He is still past master of suspense.

IN *The Long Arm*, Mr. Jack Hawkins, a Scotland Yard detective Inspector, assisted by Mr. John Stratton, a slightly starry-eyed detective sergeant, methodically unravels the mystery of a long chain of ingenious safe-robberies. The film marches at an even, not too slow, pace straight to its well-devised climax: Mr. Charles Frend rightly avoids, as Mr. Hitchcock now does not, any deviation from the main theme.

A dapper gentleman from Scotland Yard tells me the film gives a faithful account of police procedure: the Force is very well pleased with it. General public will be, too, I think.

Miss Anna Neagle appears in *My Teenage Daughter* as the widowed, magazine editress mother of two girls, one of seventeen (Miss Sylvia Syms) and one of twelve (Miss Julia Lockwood, Miss Margaret Lockwood's talented little daughter). For a magazine editress, Miss Neagle, though she looks the sophisticated part, seems to me rather too naïve, could a woman whose business it is to understand the teenage mentality really be so painfully perplexed over the behaviour of her own seventeen-year-old?

MISS SYMS, to whom Miss Neagle generously gives a chance to steal the picture, is entirely convincing as the daughter who, through an infatuation with a repellent young wastrel (Mr. Kenneth Haigh), degenerates from a well-brought-up miss into a sullen, jeans-and-sweater-clad, jive-mad, cellar-haunting baggage, and is finally hauled up at Bow Street on a charge of manslaughter.

Miss Neagle, throbbing with anxiety, is in court to hear her daughter mercifully discharged. I must say she had my deepest sympathy when the magistrate took it upon himself to rebuke her, publicly and pompously, for neglecting her duties towards her child. My goodness—nobody could have worried more over the girl!

The film has its, for me, embarrassing moments—screams of hatred, tearful protestations of love and a good deal of bosom-clasping—but most people will agree that Mr. Wilcox has tackled a teasing subject with commendable sincerity.

—Elsbeth Grant



JAMES STEWART AND DORIS DAY star together in *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, a new version of his early film made by Alfred Hitchcock (below). James Stewart has co-operated with this great producer before, but it is the first time Miss Day has come under his direction. He has been making films since 1925, among his classics being *The 39 Steps*, *Rope* and *Dial M For Murder*

Michael Plomer



Book Reviews

Elizabeth Bowen

SUSPENSE IN THE AIR

TRANSATLANTIC air travel has its dramas. Years of habit never make it quite humdrum—does there exist a passenger so hardened as to mount with no stir of imagination into that topless ocean of sky? Yet how soon over, how lulling, is the routine flight. David Beaty's fine novel deals with the non-routine—**The Proving Flight** (Secker & Warburg, 14s.) describes a much-publicized effort at record-breaking, from the angle of those involved: the captain, the crew and the seven V.I.P. passengers. "Emperor Able Dog" has captured headlines long before she is airborne. Sensational claims have been made for her. Now, she must justify them.

The giant aircraft is something new in design—how new, in what manner and for what reason, the technically-minded reader, I hope, will grasp. She is the boldest bid, and the peak achievement, of a non-nationalized company, Air Enterprise Ltd. Here, it has been boasted, is a machine capable of operating non-stop from London to New York even against the strongest headwinds. Upon the date scheduled, Sir James Joliffe, pigheaded and buoyant Chairman of Air Enterprise, is absolutely determined she shall do so.

FROM among beds of flowers, serenaded by bands, and with the full attention of press and radio, the Emperor takes off, at evening, from London Airport. No one aboard but Sir James feels completely happy.

Atlantic weather conditions could not be viler. In the too-small cockpit (space has been cut, here, to add length to the strawberry-pink passenger cabin) not a soul is not computing the risks involved. There should have been more tests: the flight is premature. To add to the complication, there are two pilots, who do not see eye to eye—and indeed, how should they? The urbane Captain Cavendish (insisted upon by Sir James, as something in the nature of window-dressing) represents the old school: he has been flying since 1935, and his handling of aircraft, his juniors realize, has altered depressingly little since that year. Captain Bellamy could not be more unlike: he is the modern realist of the air. Largely, *The Proving Flight* is told from Bellamy's viewpoint.

Bellamy is essentially of the air: the power politics of civil aviation mean nothing to him.

In the cockpit, black was black and white was white. None of the muddy greys and in-betweens that passed for them on the ground. You had to go from A to B and with careful planning you got there. Each flight represented to him a geometrical theorem. The problem was to complete it safely, and engines off at London or Idlewild was the equivalent of writing Q.E.D. on the bottom of the paper. And if the job was all in the air he would have been one of the happy few who could go to bed at night with that problem solved, and with a clear-cut formula for solving the next.

But it wasn't. Once on the ground, the trust

between men, which was so important that (paradoxically) it was never questioned, disappeared faster than free liquor at an unscheduled night-stop. The need to soothe the public, to impress the tax-payer, the Ministry, the politicians, to outfly their rivals, not to speak of the more interesting, personal ones of building the odd empire, ditching the next man, pleasing the boss... made the going as complicated and as tricky as the New York holding-pattern.

By the way, how many passengers know what "a holding-pattern" is? The amount to be learned from *The Proving Flight* is endless, and fairly rivets one's interest—only a fool (having read this novel) could find himself or herself bored in the air again. The flight as the pilot's problem is clearly shown. And the author could not know his stuff better. Mr. Beaty first served in the R.A.F. from 1940-46, and left the Service as a Squadron-Leader with the D.F.C. and bar. He then, from 1946-53, was a pilot with B.O.A.C., completing 160 North and Mid-Atlantic crossings before he resigned as a senior captain. In his present rôle, he qualifies as a first-rate writer—conveyor of tension, portrayer of human beings.

Two other novels, *The Take-Off* and *The Heart Of The Storm* are to Mr. Beaty's credit. It seems to me that this latest, *The Proving Flight*, is the most exciting book I have ever read. Amid other intense sensations, I felt airsick when in the Emperor over Labrador. I should feel wrong in summarizing the story, or in so much as hinting at how it finishes.

Enough to say that what starts in cynicism culminates in a crazy British magnificence. Throughout, the psychology is excellent. There is, also, love interest—though it seems hardly necessary.

★ ★ ★

JAMES LEES-MILNE's **Roman Mornings** (Wingate, 17s.) is not yet another guide-book to the Eternal City. I should recommend it, rather, as an enlargement of the sightseer's power to see. For one does not see things (particularly the monuments of Rome) simply by staring at them with the mind a blank—some knowledge, a glint of imagination, and some idea of time-background are necessary; or, at any rate, desirable. Mr. Lees-Milne humanizes architecture, that most abstract and therefore sometimes most forbidding of the arts. He is an expert, but he has not lost the outlook of the more ordinary man (or woman) for whom antiquity is in itself a mystery.

Mornings, he says, are the right time for seeing Rome: in the evenings one gives oneself over to blue enchantment. In his company, we do not make the round tour: instead, he directs our attention to eight buildings, each of which is expressive of its period.

This book shows the unbroken hold of tradition, which served to inspire, not cramp, Rome's successive architects. Yet there is stress, at the same time, on what came fresh



Ida Kor
LYNN CHADWICK, who has won the international prize for sculpture at the Venice Biennial Exhibition of Modern Art; a great achievement at the age of forty-one with only ten years' work behind him



Allan Chappelow
WALTER DE LA MARE, O.M., C.H., died last month at the age of eighty-three. He will be lamented not only as a poet of unique imaginative delicacy, but as a personality of charm and gentleness



"SPRING," a drawing by the author from her enchanting book *Valleys Of Springs*, by Dorothea Eastwood (Wingate, 18s.)

from individual genius. Bramante, Bernini, Borromini, and the Peruzzi who gave Rome the unique Palazzo Massimo, come to life for the reader as vital temperaments. Thirty years of muddle, moods and mischance produced the victorious Trevi Fountain. . . . Mr. Lees-Milne answers the tricky question, "What is Rococo?" Ponder, too, on his footnote on overhead wires (p. 121). *Roman Mornings* would be an excellent preparation for a visit, accompaniment to a visit—or, even, substitute for one (for it conjures up much to the mind's eye). There are well chosen photographs, and ground-plans of buildings.

★ ★ ★

FAR from heartless comedy novel is *Trick Of The Sun* by John St. John (Heinemann, 15s.)—subject, a young West African's artless search for his father's upper-class family in England. Edmund Sedgemoor comes of no common stock—his mother, now a stout, coloured matron of irreproachable morals and known piety, had, years back, beguiled the leisure hours of a visiting British peer—our Edmund had been the result. Lord Sedgemoor, not disavowing paternity, had subscribed during his lifetime to Edmund's upkeep; the fact of the boy's existence having been kept, discreetly, from the rest of the family.

Arriving in London, to take up work with a firm of accountants, our hero fares on the whole happily. In his boarding-house he is something of a success: making an enemy of dumpy Gladys, he all but succumbs to the dangerous blandishments of the blonde Chips. But romance does not sidetrack him from his main purpose—off goes Edmund, bouquet in hand, one weekend, to visit the Sedgemoor baronial hall. There, shock awaits him. As for his aunt, Mrs. Field, in her select villa—hysteria reigns when he interrupts the bridge-party. Till now, he had never seen himself as "a scandal." Thwarted of family affection, Edmund droops—till limelight blazes upon him. Back home, old Uncle Akoto has been getting busy.

There results a *cause célèbre*; with the possibility that Edmund, as 17th Baron Sedgemoor, may succeed to his father's seat in the House of Lords. *A Trick Of The Sun* has its poignant moments—I see, indeed, that the author himself calls it "a tragi-comedy." You'll feel for dignified Edmund—who's none the worse for his life-story's being a shade improbable.

★ ★ ★

D. A. PONSONBY, whose name we associate with the eighteenth century, has this time opted for its successor in *Unhallowed House* (Hutchinson, 11s. 6d.). Victorianism, 1849, makes the climate for a dire family drama. And effective, indeed, is this choice of period: obsessions and passions simmer, the more furiously, under respectability's iron lid.

We deal with two generations of the Warlocks of Wyvern: old county stock with, it seems, a twisted mentality. "Aunt," whose jocosities give an edge to her bullying, has as pensioners a nephew and two nieces—the three being each other's first cousins.

Well may the mansion Wyvern be called "unhallowed." Sinister fatalities have attended it, since it was rebuilt (after burning) at the Restoration. Its dark-avised, unadorned stone face is partly obscured from view by a grove of monkey-puzzles—readers who already dislike these trees will admit that Miss Ponsonby sees their nastiness. Why should desire for Wyvern, in three young people, exceed all normal bounds? The answer comes at the end; it comes from the dead.

Miss Ponsonby's remarkable gift for portraying character, and for interesting us, is well to the fore in *Unhallowed House*. Result, a tale about disagreeable folk which is, nonetheless, agreeable reading.



A pageant in Bavaria

EVERY third summer at Landshut, on the Isar, a festival celebrates a great event in the town's history. Above, the high guests receive the people's homage



Above, the wedding dance of the pages in their elegant costumes, carrying tapers. The pageant marks the wedding in the town of the Polish princess Jadwiga and a German prince



The bride, Princess Jadwiga, appears on the hand of King Friedrich III



A choir of children, guided by a minstrel, make their way to the town hall



by Isobel
Vicomtesse
d'Orthez

Fashion Editress

IN this second selection of the photographs taken on the visit to Denmark are shown clothes which travel well and are comfortable and smart to wear on a journey. Left, Jaeger's three-quarter length straight coat and skirt in oatmeal tweed, 14½ gns. Suntan cashmere pullover £3 5s., matching cap 35s. Leather belt 72s. 6d. Below, off white basket weave tweed suit, 28 gns. from Harrods. For later in the day, a silk blue and white print. dress (opposite page). By Hardy Amies, available at Simpsons, price £23. Hat by Erik. (All the photographs taken by Tony Armstrong Jones)

BALTIC VACATION



The Frederiksborg Castle, which is now a national historical museum





TWO views of a yellow and white striped cotton sun-dress (above) with and without its waist-touching bolero. At Simpsons £5 15s. 6d. Photographed near the Hermitage, the Danish Royal hunting lodge. Left, a T.T. shirt in Givenchy designed blue and white printed poplin, £3 19s. 6d. at Simpsons. Navy blue linen Daks trousers also from Simpsons, £3 17s. 6d. Opposite, pink and white crinkly cotton "shortie" nightdress and matching housecoat. Dickins and Jones £11 0s. 6d.

Sunshine and night-time





A view of the Frederiksborg Castle



Danish rhapsody

THE short evening dress is romantic and adaptable for a variety of occasions. Susan Small's blue strapless evening dress in scalloped lace (left) with taffeta back streamers and a deep red rose, is seen beside Edv. Eriksen's statue of Hans Andersen's "Little Mermaid," one of Copenhagen's most famous landmarks. Elizabeth Henry's enchanting white embroidered evening dress in chiffon with a very full skirt (opposite page) is photographed in the Tivoli, the Danish pleasure gardens, from the balcony of the Nimb restaurant. Both these dresses are excellent travellers and are easier to pack than a full-length evening dress



FARAWAY PLACES

WHETHER by aeroplane, boat or train nothing could be more suitable for a journey than this attractive outfit by Swizerli. In stone-coloured Swiss jersey, the coat (below) is superbly cut, long and straight. The matching skirt is slimly tailored and has a half pleat at the back. Price 19 gns. and 7 gns. respectively, from Lillywhites. The patterned silk shirt (right) has a neat collar and long cuffed sleeves; price 6 gns. Left: Luggage to take you anywhere. A large coach-hide zip-around case, £15 11s., and a beauty case in imitation coach-hide, £8 12s. The umbrella with its bamboo handle, £4 8s.



Photographs by
John French

CHOICE FOR
THE WEEK







Picnic set for four, exclusive to Harrods, £28 10s. The case is convertible to form a table and a serving tray. The smaller set is £16

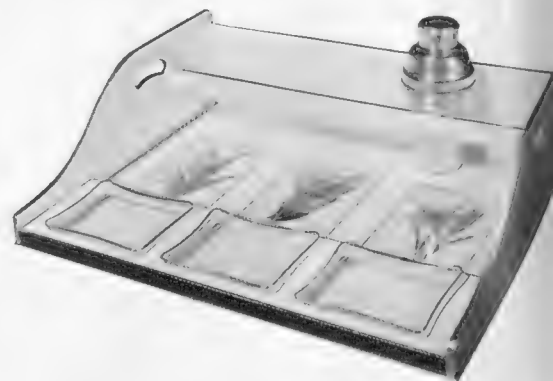
Below: Picnic-Utility bag in plastic for four, £3 17s. 6d. Leather picnic case for two, £5 5s. Various colours. From Debenham and Freebody



For sorties into the open air

MORE and more as summer deepens the need will be felt for equipment for garden, field and beach. Shown here is merchandise that will satisfy some of the chief requirements of the sallier-forth in our uncertain but, at this time of year ever-tempting, climate

—JEAN CLELAND



Cocktail tray for use out of doors, which holds bottles, glasses and savouries. From Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, £9 19s. 6d.



Below: Light coloured pure wool travelling rug (folded) and scarf, by Kynoch, of Keith, Scotland. Rug approx. 8 gns., scarf £1 6s. Both may be obtained at all good stores

Above: Garden chairs, light, comfortable and easily stored, from Harrods. That on the right costs £8 19s. 6d., the other £5 17s. 6d. While the mushroom stool costs £1 9s.

Dennis Smith



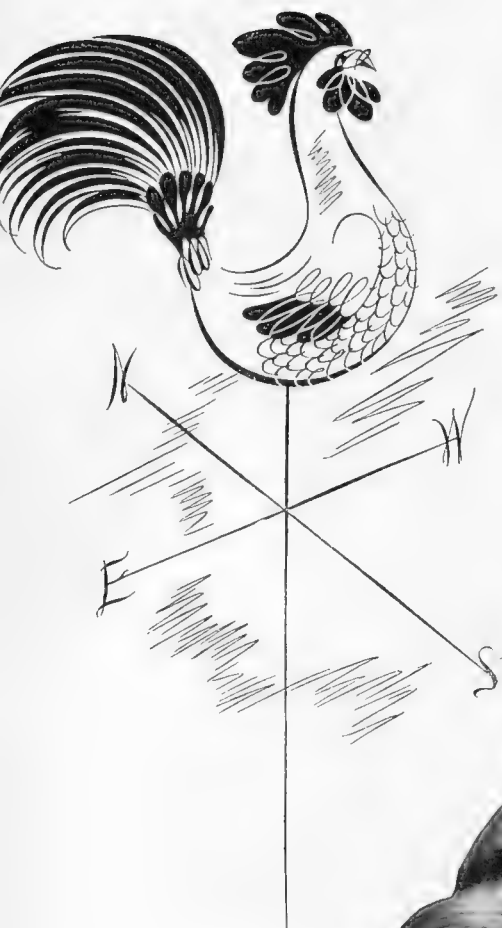
Killer Kane weedkiller (below) can be refilled, and is a great boon to those who do not enjoy bending. At most hardware and garden stores, £1 6s., including tube of tablets

Icebergs and sandalwood

Beauty

by

Jean Cleland



Steiner's young and charming hairstyle with its divided fringe and asymmetrical parting, is becoming with or without the two-layered chignon. The hair is highlighted with Star-mist and kept lightly in shape by Lacquer Sheen



THE increasing popularity of summer tweeds for smart wear at all times of day, even including the cocktail hour, is reflected in some new versions of the famous Tweed scent, created to meet the needs of the holiday season.

First there is a new Tweed Iceberg that feels as cool as it sounds. This is a frosted stick of solid "Bouquet," which—as the many people who use Lenthéric's products know—is the name by which their toilet waters are known. Next there is Tweed Mist, a name which brings to my mind all the freshness of a Scottish moor. Tweed Mist is "Bouquet" again, and comes in a charming bottle with a special aerosol device. By this means you can spray it out in the finest mist of fragrance, over your hair, over your body—after the bath—and around the room to keep it fresh.

Lastly there is a Miniature Tweed Bouquet, which comes in small round bottles designed for the handbag, and for quick refreshment on a journey.

If by any chance, a man may be glancing over his wife's shoulder while she reads this—waiting impatiently for her to turn to something of more masculine interest—he may like to know of some additions to Lenthéric's range of products for men. One, an after-shave stick, is a solidified form of their already very popular after-shave lotion, containing an ingredient called "azulene." This is not only an antiseptic but is excellent for stopping bleeding from one of those maddening little razor cuts which always seem to happen when the harassed male is in a tearing hurry to get to the office in the morning, or out to a party in the evening. Another is a brushless shaving cream, ideal for travelling, and third a dry shave lotion, which firms the skin and makes it just right for a dry shave with an electric razor. It can also be used for toning the skin *after* the shave.

BEFORE we leave the bathroom, let me tell you of some other new toilet luxuries, which make for sweet and swift refreshment, and will, I feel sure, be very welcome during the summer days.

In response to many requests, Morny's have at last brought out a Sandalwood talcum powder to go with the Sandalwood soap, which has always been one of the favourite Morny fragrances. To get the true, rich scent of sandalwood into the talcum powder has necessitated a great deal of experimenting, which explains why it has been so long coming. At last Morny's are satisfied with the result, and feel that the new Sandalwood talc is a worthy companion to their famous French Fern.

Bronnley's, too, have news which I feel sure will be welcome. To their well-known and widely used Turtle Oil series, they have now added a "guest" size tablet of soap. The ingredients, I am assured, are the same as those used for the most exclusive lines, and, as always, every tablet of soap is hand finished. Other additions to the Turtle Oil range are two new scents, Mimosa, a delicate yellow soap with a lovely fresh fragrance, and Wall-flower, a peach-coloured soap with that warm summer scent that belongs to this charming old world flower.

PEOPLE who use Chanel's No. 22 scent have often asked me if there was a talcum powder to go with it, and if not, why not? The answer to the first part of their question was, until now, in the negative, and to the second, "Oh, I'm sorry, I really don't know," which left them sadly disappointed. All that is now changed, and Chanel devotees can rejoice that a new talcum powder has just been introduced in No. 22 scent.

The name of Christian Dior is a hall-mark of fashion in a far wider sense than dress alone, embracing as it does, jewels and accessories, and much else that makes for feminine adornment. To the glittering list is now added a new Cologne called Christian Dior Eau-de-Cologne Fraiche. As might be expected, this is in the best Dior tradition, with a clear note that is wonderfully refreshing.

Lastly, something new as a bright penny, and extremely refreshing for the hair—an egg and lemon shampoo, made with the yolks from fresh eggs and the juice from fresh lemons, which promotes hair health the natural way. This new shampoo is called Pride, and comes in a plastic squeeze-easy bottle holding sufficient liquid for twenty-four shampoos.



the smartest girls use it!

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If you'd like a sample (in plain wrapper) just send name, address and 5d. in loose stamps to The Nurse, Dept. J.59 Tampax Ltd., Belvue Road, Northolt, Greenford, Middlesex.



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THEY ARE ENGAGED



Bassano

Miss Elisabeth Daphne Innes, only daughter of Sir Charles Innes, K.B.E., and Lady Innes, of Dorsetts, Sevenoaks, Kent, is engaged to Mr. Peter Donovan Bowen, the eldest son of Mrs. K. M. Bowen, of Wyverstone, Bromley, Kent, and of the late Mr. D. M. Bowen



Miss Johanna Susan Phillips, younger daughter of Major and Mrs. Geoffrey Phillips, of Beccles, Suffolk, who has recently announced her engagement to Mr. John Buchanan, only son of Commander and Mrs. A. G. Buchanan, of Barsham, Suffolk



Pearl Freeman

Lady Mary Lindesay-Bethune, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lindsay, of Kilconquhar, Fife, is engaged to marry Captain Owen Buckingham Varney, Scots Guards, only son of Mrs. E. I. Varney, of Woodhurst, Newmarket Road, Norwich



Lenave

Miss Phyllida Mary Katharine Austin, daughter of Lieut.-Col. C. G. Austin and Lady Lilian Austin, of Roundwood, Micheldever, Hants, is to marry Mr. Richard M. O. Stanley, son of the late Lt.-Col. the Hon. O. H. Stanley, D.S.O., and Lady Kathleen Stanley, of Frome, Kent

THEY WERE MARRIED



Wolff—Clarkson. The marriage took place recently at the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great, Smithfield, of Mr. Michael Wolff, son of the late Dr. M. Wolff and Mrs. Wolff, of St. John's Wood, and Miss Rosemary Langley Clarkson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur C. V. Clarkson, of Pinner, Middx



Doughty—Bowater. Mr. George Crofton Addison Doughty, of Lowndes Street, S.W.1, son of Sir Charles Doughty, Q.C., and the late Mrs. Doughty, married Miss Susan V. Bowater, daughter of Lt.-Col. and the Hon. Mrs. I. F. Bowater, of Calverton Place, Stony Stratford, Bucks, at All Saints', Calverton



Sleigh—Sanderson. Mr. William Lowrie Sleigh, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Sleigh, of Wester Coates Road, Edinburgh, married Miss Joy Bristowe Sanderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. K. W. B. Sanderson, of Tigh Bhaan, Appin, Argyll, Scotland, at Cramond Kirk, Edinburgh



Burbidge—Mosselmans. Mr. John Richard Woodman Burbidge, son of Sir Richard Burbidge, of Hans Mansions, S.W., and of Gladys Lady Burbidge, married Miss Benita Roxane Mosselmans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Mosselmans, of The Berystede, Ascot, Berkshire, at Holy Trinity, Brompton



Gibson—Neilson. The marriage took place at Blyth Church, Nottinghamshire, between Mr. John David Gibson, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. David G. Gibson, of Greenlands, Edwalton, Notts, and Miss Kristina Neilson, the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hans Neilson, of Ye Olde Bell Hotel, Barnby Moor, Notts



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THE ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY Sapphire Countryman, with automatic transmission and controlled power steering, which is described by Oliver Stewart in his article on this page

Motoring



A SAPPHIRE OF DAZZLING MERITS

WHEN I reported on the road behaviour of the Armstrong Siddeley 236 with Manumatic two-pedal control, I mentioned that the company had given me a unique opportunity of comparing this system of semi-automatic transmission with the fully automatic transmission in the Sapphire 346. They placed both models at my disposal so that a quick switch could be made from one to the other and impressions checked while they were still fresh.

But first I must emphasize that the comparison must be partly academic because the Manumatic system is much lower priced than the fully automatic system and, of course, the cars themselves are totally different. The Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire 346, here considered, is the fully automatic Harold Radford Countryman model which costs a good deal more than the 236 with Manumatic. The 236 is now £1,469 17s.

The Sapphire 346 is a car which has everything: automatic transmission, controlled power steering, ride control, power operated windows and every known and knowable fitting and accessory, including an electric razor, a dictating machine, a fitted luncheon case, vacuum flasks galore and a cocktail cabinet.

It is a splendid car to drive, moving smoothly and easily in all road conditions, demanding a minimum effort from the driver, yet responsive. The selector hand lever gives neutral, normal, fast and reverse positions: set that lever, and there is nothing more to be done about gear selection. Changing and clutch operation are automatic. To accelerate from a standstill the pedal is pressed, the car moves away and the changes are made quietly and at the right instants, top going in at sixty miles an hour if the pedal is kept fully down.

The transmission can be coaxed to behave as the driver requires by delicate work with the accelerator pedal. If you wish to glide slowly and gently in traffic you must develop tenderness with the right toe. Stamp on the pedal and the car stamps too;

JANETTE SCOTT, the promising young British film star, and daughter of actress Thora Hird, photographed outside her mews home in her new car, a Fiat 600 Convertible



its nose dipping as a quick change down is made. But use delicacy on the pedal and delicacy in car behaviour will result.

My conclusion is definite; that semi-automatic transmission systems, however good, have far less value than fully automatic systems. I do not think that they will survive. But they are interesting and attractive technical novelties at the present time. Looking ten years ahead, however, we must expect ordinary synchromesh boxes in a few specialized vehicles and fully automatic transmissions in the rest.

AMONG the other features of the Sapphire 346, the power steering is the first thing to demand attention. It is the first fully adjustable power steering in the world. The amount of power assistance can be varied by a small lever on the dash just forward of the steering column. If this lever is set to full power, the steering wheel can be spun with a little finger even when manoeuvring in a garage. It is a huge asset for parking and will be especially appreciated by women drivers.

If, when the car begins to move, you feel doubtful about employing full power on the steering, you can set it back to normal. Care must be exercised when using full power at speed. There is none of the ordinary castor effect, although the wheel will spin back with slight encouragement. In aircraft when power controls were fitted there was—and still is—some difference of opinion about whether artificial feel should be incorporated to keep the pilot informed of the kind of loads he is placing on the aircraft. But some systems have no artificial feel.

THERE is no artificial feel in power steering for motor cars, so on a long, fast curve it is at first difficult to maintain an even course. The wheel does not give the slight pull that helps to stabilize the hand movements. (I am speaking here of castor and not of under-steer and over-steer.)

Driving fast along a winding lane where visibility is good and the speed can be kept high, tyres squealing all the time, I found the full power a little disconcerting. It was, however, largely a matter of getting used to it, and of not expecting the normal indications of what is happening at the front wheels to reach the hands from the pull of the wheel. For slow speed manoeuvre the advantages of power steering are patent.

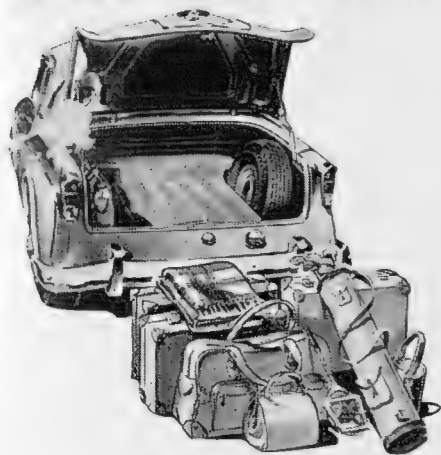
My general impressions of this car are outstandingly good. And with its price, including tax, only a little above £2,000, we must accept it that, for luxury motoring in its most modern form, there is nothing else on the world's markets to touch it.

—Oliver Stewart





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Delia Dudgeon

GUY MIDDLETON, the actor, and his American-born wife Anita manage the Wanborough Manor Country Club near the Hog's Back, Guildford. The club, which has rooms dating back to King John, has its own swimming pool and tennis court and an excellent cuisine

DINING OUT

Curry pilgrimage

WE recently reviewed a book called *Be Bold In Your Kitchen*. One person who must have behaved with a great deal of courage and enterprise in his kitchens is Sir William Steward, M.P. for West Woolwich. When he took over the direction of catering at the House of Commons it had been losing round about £20,000 a year: it now pays its way with success.

Apart from these activities, he owns and directs Veeraswamy's India Restaurant in Swallow Street and recently made up his mind that the usual run of curries served in Indian restaurants was not enough, so decided to go to India and thoroughly investigate the matter for himself, which he did at the beginning of this year. Flying to Karachi he went on to Delhi, Calcutta, Madras, down to Ceylon and back again up the West Coast to Bombay, talking and eating and learning about curries all day long in local restaurants of high repute and in the kitchens of the rich houses famous for fine food.

Not only did Sir William bring back a mass of information about curries, but he persuaded some specialists in their preparation from Northern India and Pakistan to return with him to England, and they are already working in the kitchens at Veeraswamy's; others from Southern India and Ceylon are on their way, so it seems that curry enthusiasts will be able to ring the changes for a long time to come.

I DISCOVERED another instance of enterprise and high endeavour when I went down Gerrard Street to see what had happened to the Villa Villa Restaurant since Brigadier Dugdale, its previous proprietor, suffered a fatal accident while bathing.

The exterior of the house, which was once the home of Edmund Burke, had been repainted and a brass plate by the side of the door announced "La Réserve." The interior has been entirely redesigned and redecorated in a most attractive and subdued manner.

On making inquiries, I found it had been taken over by Georges Dertu, whom I had known for many years when he was directing Boulestin's in Southampton Row. He had returned from Italy after an absence of some months, to take over La Réserve, where the quality of the food is outstanding and the wine list phenomenal. I tried the *Poussin Mimi Trottin*, the excellence of which I shall remember for a long time. They stuff the chicken with a large quantity of butter, bread-crumbs and tarragon, with a slight touch of garlic, and serve it whole with a vermouth, brandy and fresh cream sauce. La Réserve is not cheap: it couldn't be with the quality it provides.

YET another enterprise worth recording and especially convenient for people going to Wimbledon for the tennis is the new "Grill and Espresso Buffet," opened at The Dog and Fox on Wimbledon Hill, which has associations dating back to the old coaching days.

In addition to the coffee machine there is an *hors d'oeuvres* table where you help yourself and an excellent cold buffet with an extensive selection of the classic English and Continental cheeses.

They have also installed two grills, one of them a "high speed infra" where you select your own chops and steaks and watch them being cooked to your requirements.

Apart from the Espresso Buffet there are several bars where "hard liquor" can be obtained and a restaurant providing both English and Continental cuisine, one of the specialities of which is their Dover soles cooked in a variety of ways, and which never weigh less than one pound; all this supported by a considerable wine list, some available by the glass.

—I. Bickerstaff

DINING IN

Cherries in season

FROM now onwards, we should have plenty of sweet cherries. Later, there will be Morellos, the dark red bitter ones, for pickling, bottling and the making of liqueurs.

I have by me a very old recipe for a pleasing sweet which, until last year, I had not made since well before the war. It is Cherry Royal, a very simple dish. Choose 1½ to 2 lb. of any of the red dessert cherries. Remove the stems and stone the fruit. Add not more than ¼ pint of water and simmer them just long enough to soften their skins. Add very little sugar, as they are already sweet. When they are cold, turn them into a glass dish. Add an ounce of coarsely-chopped blanched almonds and sprinkle with a little Maraschino liqueur—say, a few drops.

Scatter on top 4 to 5 crushed macaroons and chill, if possible. Just before the meal, cover as thickly as you wish with lightly whipped cream, slightly sweetened with vanilla sugar, and another sprinkling of chopped blanched almonds.

CHERRY Flan Dubarry is a very special one. Make your usual *fleur* pastry—that is, one where you rub 3½ oz. butter into 6 oz. plain flour, sifted with a pinch of salt. Work in a teaspoon of icing sugar and bind with the yolk of an egg and very little water. Roll out and line a pastry ring on a baking sheet with the pastry. Prick the bottom and sprinkle with icing sugar to taste. Closely pack the flan with stoned large juicy cherries and sprinkle 2 to 3 oz. crushed almond rock on top. Bake in a fairly hot oven (425 deg. F. or gas mark 7) to brown the pastry. Serve very cold. Just before doing so, cover with whipped cream, as above.

Last year, I gave you a recipe for Clafoutis, a speciality of Limousin, in France. Briefly, it consists of cherries and a batter not unlike our own Yorkshire pudding one. Place 1 to 1½ lb. stoned sweet black cherries in a well-buttered glass or earthenware oven-dish. Dot them with a walnut of butter, in tiny pieces. Pour over them a batter made with the following ingredients: 2 oz. plain flour, 3 to 4 oz. sugar, 3 eggs, 1½ teacups milk, ¼ teaspoon best vanilla essence and a good pinch of salt. Bake for about 25 to 30 minutes in a fairly hot oven, sprinkle with icing sugar and serve slightly warm.

As soon as ever I can, I make a Summer Pudding, using three fruits, a third of which, for the first one, consists of stoned tart cherries. With these, I use some raspberries or red currants and some blackcurrants. At the very least, use 1½ lb. of fruit in all. These, stewed first with very little water then sweetened and given a little longer simmering, should produce a good supply of lovely juice.

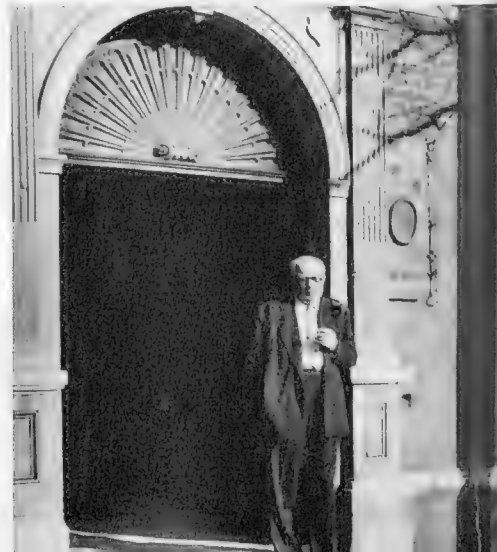
Line a suitably-sized pudding basin with thinly-sliced bread—starch-reduced, for preference—and stand it on a soup plate. Lift out the fruit, leaving a little of the juice behind. Fill the lined bowl with it. Cover with a "lid" of bread. Press down by placing a weighted saucer on top. Leave until next day, in the refrigerator, if possible. Turn into a deep serving-dish, spoon the reserved juice on top and pass, separately, top milk cream or unwhipped single cream with the sweet.

A few jars of pickled cherries for special cold meats are worth while having on hand. Here is a recipe where the skins do not toughen:

Stone 5 lb. Morello cherries. Boil together for 5 minutes 1 quart white (spirit) vinegar, 2 lb. granulated or Demerara sugar, 2 to 3 inches of cinnamon bark, 3 to 4 bruised pieces of ginger root, 4 cloves and a tiny piece of mace. When cold, strain over the cherries. Next day, very gently bring the mixture to the boil, then simmer for 5 minutes. Lift the fruit into warm glasses (with glass tops). Simmer the syrup until it thickens slightly. Pour over the cherries and seal.

—Helen Burke

L. R. BENTLEY entered the hotel industry when he was twenty-five after working his way round the world. He began as a trainee at Claridge's, went then to the Hotel de Paris and in 1934 was appointed Assistant Comptroller of Supply to the late King George V. Since 1947 he has been general manager of Great Fosters, Egham, Surrey.



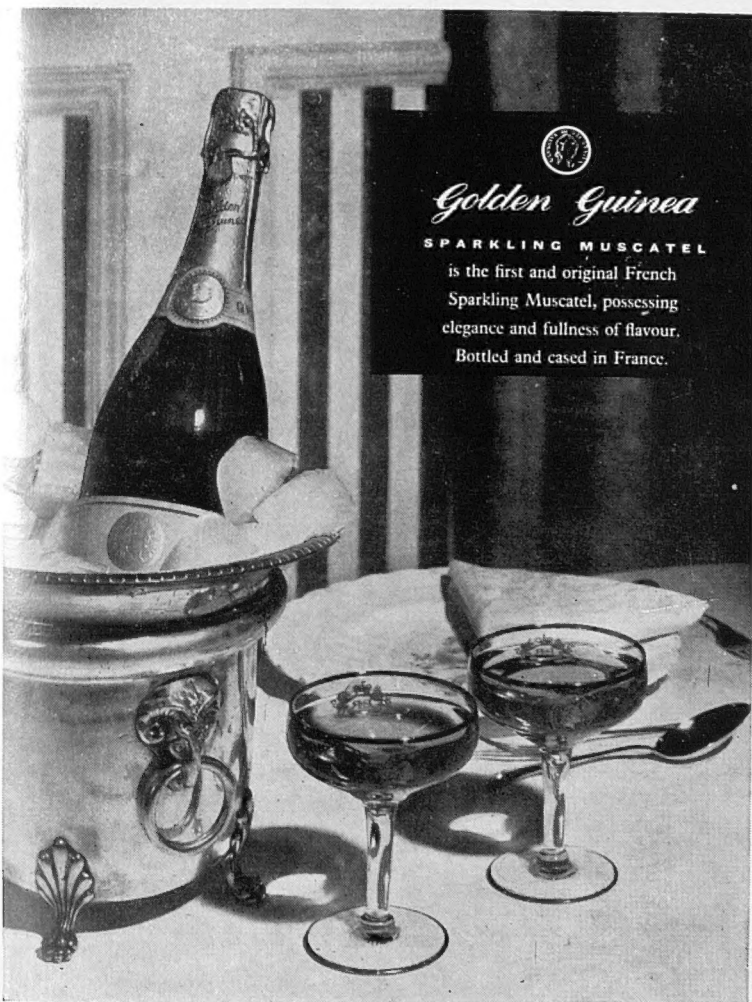


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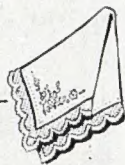
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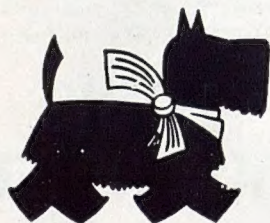
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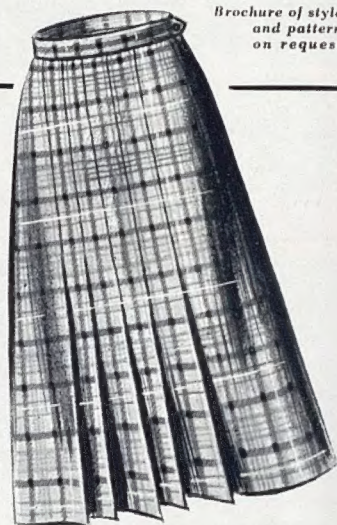
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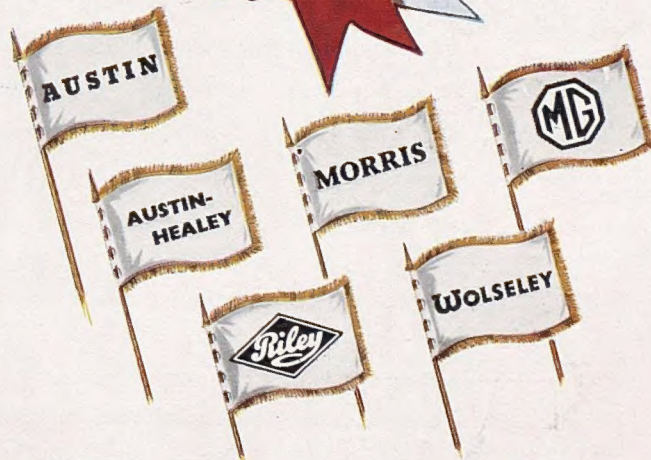
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You'll be happy with your **G.E.C.** home



It's a family asset

Better living begins the day you invite this beautiful new G.E.C. refrigerator into the kitchen. It gives you iced drinks, ice cream and crisp salads every day, and saves you shopping time because you can buy in quantity and store safely.

And how wise to buy this 4 cubic feet G.E.C. refrigerator with a shelf area of over $7\frac{1}{2}$ square feet. The interior, which lights up when you open the door, is unchippable, acid-resistant plastic-on-steel. The freezer is stainless steel. Extra storage space is provided by the turnaround top shelf which takes tall bottles and can be reversed to make room for other food; two racks in the door store still more.

See it in gleaming white or honeysuckle at your local dealer's or Electricity Service Centre. DE41 £78.15.0 (tax paid).

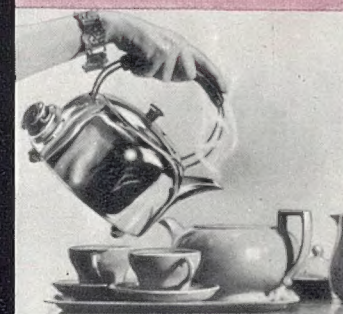
Write for illustrated descriptive publication DE3316 giving information on all models available to The General Electric Co. Ltd., Magnet House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.



Double-insulated cleaner
£24.3.6. (tax paid)



Designed for beauty hairdryer
£5.2.5. (tax paid)



Superspeed kettle
£5.0.7. (tax paid)



Double-insulated floor polisher
£29.10.0. (tax paid)